

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 30, 1938

WHO'S WHO

JAMES WILLIAM FITZ PATRICK is well-remembered for the brilliance with which he used to edit the leading theatrical paper. He is, likewise, remembered by our readers for his amusing yet cynical series of articles on *Clancy, Inc.* He knows Soviet Russia. Among his many adventures and experiences, he was a member of a labor commission that was sent to the Soviets to be shown through the Marxist paradise. He was not so popular, it seems, for he had a habit of wandering away from the tourist guides and the Soviet streamliners, and looking about in his own democratic fashion. He has not written a book about Russia, but he has rich materials. . . . JOHN EOGHAN KELLY has been mentioned in this column on three or four occasions, and should be well known to our regular readers. He is an engineer, and therefore, a fact-finder and an analyzer. Poor Mr. Browder either has a poor memory or a loose conscience. . . . KATHERINE BRÉGY has undoubtedly been listened to by the majority of our readers, for she has lectured widely and entertainingly. Home from her tours, she writes poetry, essays, stories in Philadelphia. Her latest honor is that of the presidency of the Catholic Poetry Society. . . . WILLIAM F. KUHN graduated from Fordham University and subsequently studied pedagogics at Columbia University, with a view to teaching history. Meanwhile, he interested himself in social and economic problems, as they affected humans, and joined a small, independent union, to which he has just been elected chairman. . . . ELIZABETH LINCOLN deplores any eulogy. She is a business woman of New York, intensely interested in the welfare of Peter's barque.

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COMMENT

THE BACKBONE of Government resistance was broken when Generalissimo Franco's Nationalist armies drove through to the Mediterranean and severed the vital artery that linked Catalonia with the rest of Red-controlled territory, the Barcelona-Valencia highway. Catalonia, the source of supplies and the sole hope of the Government, is now isolated. It is now merely a question of mopping-up. In a stirring address before a throng of over 100,000 persons near Saragossa, broadcasted over the entire country, the Spanish leader proclaimed: "We have won the war." And the vast crowd assembled in *El Campo de la Victoria* cheered him to the echo. The General then addressed a moving appeal to the leaders of the opposition to abandon the struggle and thus prevent further bloodshed and destruction that must be the inevitable outcome of prolonged resistance. The Nationalist leader promised generous treatment to such as had been deceived, but he warned the Government leaders that the sacrifice of "life and strength which is doubly criminal because futile" would be reckoned to their account.

It is already known that you will obtain nothing, and that you are defeated. It is time that all people you have got beneath your tyranny know that this prolonged and absurd resistance is only a means to prepare your escape. But do not forget that every day that passes, every life, every home you sacrifice, every other crime you commit, will be a new sin against you the day you confront our justice.

The war is indeed won, but unfortunately for Spain it is not yet ended. The fanatical hatred of God that provoked the war and drove the despairing Spanish people to rise in defense of their country and their altars, will not cease until desolation is spread where happiness and prosperity once prevailed.

"TWO FESTIVALS" was the significant title of the leading editorial in the *New York Times* for Easter Sunday. It could be looked upon merely as one of those foamy, flowery, vapid religious editorials that ever and anon grace our secular American press. The two feasts were of course the Jewish Passover and the great Christian feast of the day, the Resurrection of Our Lord. When we recall that the Jewish festival was two days old, that the Jewish population forms only one third of greater New York, the junction of the two feasts appears misplaced and overdrawn. It serves little purpose to subject the editorial to close scrutiny. One will not go to the newspapers, even to the *Times* for theological exactitude. But the conjunction of the festival of freedom with the Christian feast of the Resurrection is singularly inane and meaningless. The Jews commemorate an historical event in their

religion that finds its real meaning in the events commemorated by Christians, which find their culmination and fulfilment in the Resurrection. The latter is the very foundation of all that Christianity stands for and is a thing apart from the vague stirring of hearts or the exaltation and poetizing of its adherents, to which the editorial alluded. To anyone with the faintest conception of what Christianity means and the place of the Easter festival in its scheme, the bisection involved in the *Two Festivals* must appear extremely confusing and incongruous.

MASONRY in the United States is undergoing a most insidious change. The one-hundred-per-cent American Mason has not been, altogether, a difficult neighbor for Catholics. He was a solid citizen, a good patriot, rather conservative in his views, more or less of a church member, and, though rather non-Catholic, not rabidly anti-Catholic. But the social, fraternal, insurance type of American Mason is being endangered by the foreign Grand Orient Masonry that has brought such countless woes on Europe. There has been a very steady, a most secret impenetration of the Orient from Paris into the lodges of the larger cities of the East, especially in New York and Washington. This infection is betraying itself in a great number of ways. Not a few mysteries of public life and public sentiment become obvious once the workings of the Grand Orient in American public life are uncovered. The alliance of international Jewry and international Communism and international Masonry is natural, and it is an alliance against the only supra-national organization that can preserve Christianity and spirituality in the world. If the United States is to be preserved as an untrammelled democracy, the American Mason must resist the infiltration of European Masonry.

THREE historic Catholic countries, Poland, Italy and Spain, were joined in the reflected glories, when at St. Peter's, in Rome, Andrew Bobola, John Leonardi, Salvador of Horta were added to the Church's official family of proven supernatural sanctity. That same glory became the treasured property of the three Religious families which each respectively adorned and one of which Saint John Leonardi founded. General Franco's message of thanks and renewed loyalty of Catholic Spain to the Holy Father, coupled to the events happening in Catalonia, centered particular significance on the canonization of the humble Spanish Franciscan lay-brother, Saint Salvador of Horta. Belonging to that glorious sixteenth century of Spanish history that gave Spain Teresa, John of the Cross and

Ignatius—founders of religious bodies to combat the threat of Lutheranism and give the death blow to the Moorish invasion in the peninsula, mystics likewise, their prayer mingling with the great literary traditions of the period—in a more hidden role, the deep Faith, humility and Christian fortitude of the Franciscan brother of Horta, held aloft “the symbolic values” for which Christian Spain again stands against the un-Christian followers of Moscow and the Grand Orient. Assuredly it is more than coincidental that the latest Spanish Saint’s life and work were cast in that area of the peninsula where the latest enemies of Catholic Spain are making their final stand. A son of the soil, a peasant, later a cook in Barcelona, it was there that he entered the Franciscan Order in the humble degree of lay-brother. Barcelona, Tortosa, Horta, Barcelona again—all figuring in the present phase of the Spanish war—witnessed his devoted service and enough of his spiritual life, as God allowed through miraculous confirmation. It was, however, in the island of Sardinia, at Cagliari, that at the early age of forty-seven, on the day he had foretold, Saint Salvador, embracing a crucifix with fervent ejaculations to Jesus and Mary, died, a true Spaniard, a knight of his Master, whose own dying prayer he made his own: “Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.” Beyond sentimental or routine formulation, timely and inspiring, the message from St. Peter’s on Easter day must have been carried like a spring zephyr of hope and resurrection across the western Mediterranean to the Iberian peninsula and the war-torn Catalan home of Saint Salvador.

AT MARYKNOLL Seminary, last week, missionaries from far distant lands—China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Nigeria, the Philippines, the Dakotas—met with the members of the Catholic Anthropological Conference in their thirteenth Annual Convention. The subject of the symposium was: *Anthropology and the Missions: What Each Can Give to the Other*. The keynote was set by the Rev. James M. Drought, M.M., Vicar General of Maryknoll, who pleaded for help from the anthropologists to direct the missionaries how to start in their work with the natives. He insisted that frequent and fatal mistakes had been made because of the lack of proper understanding by the missionary of the cultural and religious background of the people with which he was dealing. The Rev. Leopold H. Tibesar, M.M., President of the C. A. C., for years in Dairen, Manchuria, substantiated Father Drought’s contention by examples wherein decisions from Rome had recently reversed the over-exacting demands of missionaries who had judged certain Japanese customs incompatible with Catholicism. About one hundred were present at the meetings, representing nine Religious Societies of men and five of women. One of the many practical problems brought out by the missionaries was the grave difficulty in securing financial support for the publication of the grammars and dictionaries which they compile after years of experience and with

much labor. All the speakers insisted on the wealth of material that lies tucked away sometimes in the notes, but oftener in the minds of the older missionaries and of the imperative necessity of salvaging this before these older men go to their reward. If such material is not secured each new missionary must begin all over again to learn painfully, by trial and error, what his older confreres had already gathered.

THE DIONNE Quints’ two older sisters were enrolled as pupils at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, on April 20. Apropos of the synchronous National Catholic Education Convention at Milwaukee, it might be noted that this Ursuline school, begun in 1642, and since continued without interruption, is the oldest institution in North America for the education of women. One of its historic teachers was our first native nun, Mother Mary Benedict Davis. Born at Salem, Mass., in 1680, she was taken as a child an Indian captive to Canada. Rescued by a Jesuit missionary she was placed in the Quebec Convent where she made her Religious profession in 1700 and later ruled with great success as Mother Superior. Another notable member of the Community was Mother Cecilia O’Conway, the first novice Mother Seton had in Baltimore when she began the American Sisters of Charity, in 1808. Sister O’Conway was one of the three Sisters sent to New York, in 1817, to make the first foundation there. Desiring a more rigorous religious rule she withdrew from the Sisters of Charity in 1821 and entered the Quebec Ursuline Convent. Here for the subsequent years of a long life she was a leader because of her exceptional abilities as a teacher and linguist.

ONE of our most agreeable visitors recently was the bearded and venerable Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., Indian missionary, who for thirty-three years has labored on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota at the St. Francis Mission, a parish 120 miles by 70 miles, and containing twenty-seven churches. It was Father Buechel’s first visit to New York since he arrived here at the age of twenty-six from Holland to begin his chosen work among the Redmen of the western ranches. While in New York he spoke interestingly, indeed brilliantly, at the anthropological conferences held at AMERICA and at Maryknoll. He also, he said, “gave another wave to the Statue of Liberty.” Father Buechel’s description of the Indian’s character as he has come to know it after an association of more than three decades is amazingly at variance with the traditional picture we have been taught to accept. “The Indian,” he declared forcibly, “is not a barbarian, a know-nothing, a stoic. He stands statuesquely in the presence of strangers, but with his own he is most gay, whimsical, playful and deeply affectionate, and altogether responsive to the mystery and mirth of Christianity.” One of Father Buechel’s friends, an Irish settler in South Dakota, declared to him, and Father nodded his

approval, that the Indians are very much like the Irish, "they love to be in crowds, and they love to joke." The Indian's chiefest problem, declared this devoted missionary, has been, especially in the case of the full-bloods, that of undernourishment and of a modern manner of life too complex for his nerves. Father Buechel has just finished a Lakota grammar of 625 pages, the work of ten years' labor.

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WITH the publication of Father Smothers' letter in this issue, AMERICA hopes to close its readers' discussion of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. It has been purely a readers' discussion, for AMERICA took a positive stand on the *Protocols* many years ago, finding them to be an outrageous forgery, and an example of that worst sin against charity—an attack upon a group for its race or religion. This Review believes that Catholics, so often the victims of bigotry and hatred in the past and still wrathful over the Klan, the dark horrors of the Smith campaign, the Black Legion and the Nazi persecution, should be chary of giving the least credence to similar attacks, similarly inspired, against the Jews. Moreover this Review has no sympathy with the wolf-and-lamb argument of those who say: "Maybe the *Protocols* were forgeries, but later events prove their charges true." AMERICA, it seems hardly necessary to say, does not agree with all the ideas expressed in its Correspondence column. As a matter of fact, the present controversy over the *Protocols* was occasioned by the letter of one who took a hearty swing at our stand on labor unions. He blasted us for "consistently backing up John L. Lewis, the thorough-going Communist," and in the course of his argument appealed against us to the *Protocols*. We thought his accusation ludicrous (since we have frequently lashed out at Mr. Lewis for using Communist organizers, but do not believe him to be a Communist) and his appeal to the *Protocols* worse. Nevertheless we published his critique—and followed it next week with another letter denouncing the *Protocols*. This brought many angry letters *pro* and *con*, several of which we printed. We add here that the Catholic clergy who wrote us rejected the *Protocols* on the score of truth, tolerance, decency and charity.

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ONCE or twice a year we enjoy scoring a beat on our dramatic critic and her pleasant column in the back pages. And so we hereby inform our out-of-town readers that Broadway has just staged a revival of Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*, with Tallulah Bankhead, Grace George, Dennis Hoey, and Miss Bankhead's husband-in-real-life in the chief roles. And, good grief, how time flies! For here is a play, only sixteen years old, which once we thought the bitterest, most ironical and (along with Mr. Maugham's *Our Betters*) probably the greatest comedy of modern times, now actually creaking with age and hobbing about the stage with all the white-haired venerability of, say, *The Great Divide* or *The Witching Hour*. Unfortunately for its excellent players, *The Circle* is one of those plays which

can never completely break with its infancy, and just as mention of *The Bells* makes you think of Sir Henry Irving or *Rip Van Winkle* of Joe Jefferson, so *The Circle* will be forever haunted by the ghosts of John Drew and Mrs. Fiske. But leaving all that aside, what particularly interests in this comedy is its morality. You see, at the end of the third act the whole audience wants the young wife to leave her priggish little husband and run away with the very nice lover. And of course she does it. But all the brilliant, articulate argument of the play, and especially the horrible unhappiness of the two elderly lovers (the Drew-Fiske rôles) who did the same thing years before, are against the elopement. It is a case of heart against head and while Mr. Maugham implies that the heart will always win out, he also implies that people are frightfully silly to let it. To a Catholic one of the fearful things about the people portrayed in *The Circle* is their utter ignorance of the supernatural. They debate the pros and cons of a moral problem without the slightest thought or mention of moral right or wrong. As a matter of fact, we think that to be the deepest and most deliberate irony of the play. Here (Mr. Maugham says) are persons of culture and education; but they are without conscience or honor; they do not even know that they have souls.

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A CASUAL glance at the statistics marking the rise, progress and trend of the present economic depression would seem to point, even to the uninitiated, that the Administration's diagnosis and proposed remedy is based on the wrong hypothesis. If the present business slump had been a verification of the commonly accepted theory of over-production out-distancing the purchasing power of the people, the solution proposed of increasing that purchasing power would seem to be logical. Such may have been the case in the 1929 depression and the Government's attempt to establish the equilibrium by increasing buying power was justifiable. The "pump-priming" process of recuperation has its application in this instance. But it is wrong to assume as a universal principle that every financial crisis can be included in this single diagnosis. The contrary is true in the present case, as the facts indicate. First evidences of the downward trend of business appeared, not in the purchasing power of the people, but in the heavy industries where capital buying and investment are alone concerned. This retrenchment of invested interests had its immediate reflection in the stock market. Clearly, the indication is either inability on the part of capital to operate at full capacity or lack of confidence in the security of the investment. This was the unanimous verdict of capital and labor during the rather recent White House conferences. The present "pump-priming" plans of the Administration may temporarily alleviate the malady, but in the long run it will only be aggravated. What business needs, as has been pointed out incessantly, is less interference on the part of the Government and the feeling of security that alone will attract long-term investments.

BROWDER SAYS YES, SAYS NO TO INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM?

Comrade Stalin has executed many for lesser crimes

CAPT. JOHN E. KELLY

THE COMMUNIST Party of the U. S. A. Section of the Third International, is in difficulties in the State of New York. Both branches of the Legislature passed by overwhelming majorities the McNaboe Bill, to forbid holding of public office by persons who are members of societies or organizations pledged to the violent destruction of the American form of government, an outgrowth of the notorious Gerson case (AMERICA, April 2). The Communist Party protested. But the roaring Soviet tiger had suddenly become the cooing pacifist dove. Earl Browder, our American Stalinite No. 1, telegraphed to Senator Kleinfeld, at Albany, the following amazing message, which we quote verbatim from Moscow's organ, the *Daily Worker* (March 16, 1938):

The following is a true statement in brief, of the Communist position: 1. The Communist Party opposes the overthrow of American democracy. On the contrary, it supports American democracy and urges the widest possible common front of supporters of democracy in order to maintain it. 2. The Communist Party does not advocate force and violence. It is not a party of anarchists, terrorists, or conspirators. By no stretch of the imagination does it come under the terms of the criminal anarchy statute or any law patterned after that statute. 3. The Communist Party is an American Party and not subject to any foreign control. The Communist Party is an American party from the ground up. Its policy is based entirely upon American needs and it is absolutely not subject to any decisions except its own conventions and officials elected thereby.

This is such an unblushing array of falsehood, calculated to deceive the legislators of New York State, that it may be well to set forth here a small part of the vast amount of evidence in the hands of American governmental agencies and patriotic societies which proves beyond question that the Communist Party of the U. S. A. is owned and controlled by the Comintern, that it plans the violent and bloody abolition of our American system of government. This proof may be found in the utterances of the Communist leaders themselves.

Earl Browder is the leader of Communism in this land today. Haled before a Congressional Committee, he boasted to Congressman McCormack:

I am the executive secretary of the central committee. . . . The Communist Party of the United

States is a section of the Communist International. . . . The American Party as a section of the Communist International participates in all the gatherings which decide the policies of the Communist International. . . . And sends delegates to the Third International. . . . To give an exact idea, you cannot draw a strict parallel with other party organizations, inasmuch as it is a world party. . . . The seat of the central executive is in New York City. . . . And that body represents all communities where the Communist Party exists in the United States. . . . There is a distinct political continuity throughout all these actions. . . . I have charge of the national office (Proceedings of the 74th Congress, 1st Session, Report No. 153, February 15, 1935).

Having "charge of the national office," Mr. Browder supervised and approved publication in his newspaper (*Daily Worker*, December 14, 1936) of the following excerpt from the *Program of the Communist International*:

The Communists disdain to conceal their aims and views. They openly declare that their aims can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all the existing social conditions. Let the ruling class tremble at a Communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

It is well known that discipline is the essence of Communist Party organization. The dissidents are ruthlessly weeded out. In this country they are not shot—yet. So that all spokesmen for the Reds follow the "party line" requiring approval of Mr. Browder. Thus William Z. Foster was speaking with the full approval of Browder and Stalin when he declared to a Congressional Committee:

The conquest of power by the proletariat does not mean peaceful capturing of ready-made bourgeois machinery by means of a parliamentary majority. . . . The conquest of power by the proletariat is the destruction of bourgeois power, the destruction of the capitalist state apparatus, (bourgeoisie armies, police, bureaucratic hierarchy, the judiciary, parliaments, etc.) and substituting in its place new organs of proletarian power to serve primarily for the suppression of exploiters. (Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, March 28, 1938.)

M. J. Olgin, editor of the radical Jewish language newspaper *Freiheit*, is author of the trenchant pamphlet *Why Communism?* Can Mr. Browder have forgotten these lines, which he approved as head of the Party Section of the U. S. A.?

The overthrow of the State power and with it, the

capitalist system, grows out of the every-day struggles of the workers. One is historically inseparable from the other. . . . The clearer the class-consciousness of the workers, the more steeled they are in fighting, the better the revolutionary leadership they have developed in the course of years, the greater the number of friends they have allied with themselves from among the oppressed classes, the more capable are they to deal the final blow. . . . It is not necessary that this final blow, i.e., the revolution, should come in connection with an Imperialist war, although this is most likely. Capitalism will seek to prevent a revolution by plunging the country into war.

Workers stop work, many of them seize arms by attacking arsenals. Many had armed themselves before as the struggles sharpened. Street fights become frequent. Under the leadership of the Communist Party the workers organize revolutionary committees to be in command of the uprising. There are battles in the principal cities. Barricades are built and defended. The workers' fighting has a decisive influence on the soldiers. Army units begin to join the revolutionary fighters; there is fraternization between the workers and the soldiers, the workers and marines. The movement among the soldiers and marines spreads. Capitalism is losing its strongest weapon, the army. The police as a rule continue fighting, but they are soon silenced and made to flee by the united revolutionary forces of workers and soldiers. The revolution is victorious.

Armed workers and soldiers and marines seize the principal governmental offices, invade the residences of the President and his Cabinet members, arrest them, declare the old regime abolished, establish their own power, the power of the workers and farmers.

"The Communist Party does not advocate force and violence," Mr. Browder?

So much for force and violence. Now let us examine the statement that the "Communist Party is an American party and not subject to any foreign control." The rules and by-laws of the Communist Party of the U. S. A. as published by the Browder organization as part of the *Workers Library* (50 East 13th Street, New York City) include the following:

Membership. A member of the Party can be every person . . . who accepts the program and rules of the Communist International, and of the Communist Party of the U. S. A. . . . who subordinates himself to all decisions of the Communist International and the Communist Party, and regularly pays his membership dues.

Browder himself, in his book *What is Communism?* writes:

Any man or woman is eligible to membership in the Communist Party who subscribes to its program, who actively participates in its work under the direction of the party organization and who subordinates himself to the Party decisions.

It is of course absurd to maintain that an "American Party" can be American when its leader confesses that it is subordinate to decisions of the Communist International of Moscow. It is on a par with Browder's insolent slogan: "Communism is Twentieth Century Americanism."

Browder and Foster are members of the Presidium (the governing body) of the Third International, and thus the stern parent of the Communist Party of the U. S. A., which "defends democracy."

Perhaps Mr. Browder claims that while the Reds

were violent-minded once, they have reformed. If so, when did the leopard change his spots? The doctrines of force and violence were still paramount on November 13, 1937, when twenty thousand Communists, Mr. Browder's especial flock, crowded Madison Square Garden and proclaimed their allegiance to "the Party of Lenin" and their "complete devotion to the Leninist struggle for a Soviet America" (New York *World Telegram*, March 18, 1938.) They were still in force and effect in the week of March 21, 1938, when the "Young Workers League of Brooklyn College" distributed circulars reading:

The only and correct method of struggle against war is the Leninist method. During the time of war the Leninists raise the slogan of "turn the guns against the bosses," "turn the boss war into class war against the bosses," work for the military defeat of our own government so that it may be overthrown more easily.

The Leninist method is the class struggle method of revolutionary defeatism, the only method which secured peace for the Russian workers in 1917—peace by the establishment of a workers' government, the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Students, unite under leadership of workers to end imperialist war! End war by overthrow of capitalism! Collective security is a tool of Imperialism! (Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, March 28, 1938.)

When did Mr. Browder himself change? Does he repudiate what he wrote in *What is Communism?*

We are organizing an army for the liberation of the people. No person can hold a responsible post in it unless he is willing to subordinate himself to the collective will and wisdom of the whole army.

Our country was born in revolution and preserved by revolutionary war. Americans will not shrink from the new revolution when they understand that only by this road can they once and for all break the corrupting power of Wall Street over our land.

As a Communist, Mr. Browder must "subordinate himself" to the will of the Communist International, whose master is Joseph Stalin, né Djughashvili. Mr. Browder knows him well, sitting with Stalin in Presidium meetings. He no doubt heard his master's speech: "I think the moment is not far off when a revolutionary crisis will develop in America." Mr. Browder visited Moscow last winter and was enthusiastically received in the Kremlin. Is anyone naive enough to believe that Browder would have the courage to go to Russia, or that he would have come back alive if he had divorced the Communist Party of the U. S. A. from the Communist International? Tens of thousands of Communists have been shot for "crimes" infinitesimal compared to such "counter-revolutionary conspiracy." Jay Lovestone, Browder's predecessor, was hurled into the Trotskyite darkness for merely daring feebly to oppose details of the Party program. He never attempted what Browder implies he has done.

The Communist devil is very sick and very frightened, but this falsetto shriek of latter day repentance will deceive no one. The leopard has not changed his spots. Browder's contempt for the intelligence of the American people, whose cause he insolently affects to champion, is pitilessly exposed in the fantastic *faux pas* of his telegram to Senator Kleinfeld. Stalin, who purges incompetence as well as disloyalty, has overlooked Union Square.

THE IRONY OF THE TRIALS IN MOSCOW'S RED UNION HOUSE

Fifteen years ago, no Liberals wept for Budkiewicz

JAMES W. FITZ PATRICK

OUT of the press stories coming from Moscow it is always possible to extract a choice collection of visceral laughs, particularly those provided by the journalistic whitewash artist, Walter Duranty, Russian correspondent extraordinary of the *New York Times* and propagandist plenipotentiary to unthinking Americans for good old Joe Stalin. For the nonce, we are not concerned with Mr. Duranty's flights of reportorial fancy but with the elements of irony connected with the accounts of the "trials" that are held in the shadow of the Kremlin. Some of the irony is delightful. One touch of it is sublime.

Our liberal word-worshippers of freedom, social justice and the democratic ideal—to whom the U. S. S. R. stands for everything millennial, and Nationalist Spain for all that is diabolical—are frantic with fury over the frightful frame-up of which the accused were the victims. Through the prisoners freedom is being demolished, justice is being outraged, and the democratic ideal is being smashed. And above all places on earth in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics where all that is best in humanity's struggle to improve its lot has been sponsored by the Red government! Something had to be done about it.

So a committee of liberals hot-footed it off to the nearest cable office and dashed off a message to good old Joe:

Suspicion world wide that the boys in the dock are getting a raw deal stop that the trial is not on the up-and-up stop that the decision is in the bag stop unless blue-ribbon jury of professors, writers, educators, and the pick of Teachers College, Columbia University, is allowed to be present, hear, inspect evidence, and render verdict we are in a spot stop hold off fe-fi-fo-fum monkey business until we arrive.

I do not mean to suggest that the John Deweys, the Will Irwins, the George Counts', and their camp-followers used any such underworld argot in the wire to good old Joe. But that impressed me as being its sense. In view of the fact that the trial took place it looks as though the cablegram was delayed in transmission or else good old Joe was too busy "liquidating" the accused White Russians, Red Russians, Georgians, Armenians, Turks and Uzbeksians to bother reading it. It also would

appear that the Deweyites are in the same fix as the drunken man who was pestering a deaf clergyman in a railway-station waiting-room. The drunk was trying to find out who the clergyman was. The clergyman thought he was being asked where he was going and, being annoyed by the questions, simply replied: "Saint Paul."

"Izzat so?" said the drunk. "Well listen, pal, tell me something. Did you ever get an answer to that epistle you wrote to the Ephesians?"

I suspect the Ephesians were loquacity itself compared to good old Joe. But the liberals should not give up hope. They will get their answer—provided the sound of a firing squad can be heard from Moscow to the United States.

One should not be too critical of the Deweyites. They could not help doing what they did. To plead for mercy for the helpless, to fight against injustice wherever it is being wreaked on the defenseless, to rouse public indignation against tyrannical oppression of the weak is in their very blood. Remember the clamor of objection they raised when priests and nuns were being butchered in Spain by the Loyalists?

Recall how they wrote letters constantly to the newspapers, and picketed the State Department Building in Washington when the American-supported "progressives" in Mexico were cutting out the tongues of little boys because, faced with execution, they breathed the name of Christ from their quivering throats?

Is it forgotten that they made life miserable for dear old Lenin—a sick man he was too at the time—beseeching him to be clement to Archbishop Cieplak and the fourteen other priests who were being "tried" in the self same courtroom from which the twenty-one Communist "traitors" were lately oozed into the waiting quicklime?

Who is not mindful, finally, that the whole cult of American liberalism plunged into deepest mourning when "counter-revolutionary" Monsignor Budkiewicz was stripped naked on Good Friday night, chased down a black passage of Lubyanka Prison into a blazingly illuminated cellar, and there had his brains blown out for committing the unspeakable "crime against the People" of refusing to cease preaching Christ crucified?

Why should the manful outspokenness which was then so notoriously voiced against the premeditated murder of a believer not be exercised in defense of twenty-two variegated atheists? Especially since the latter's offence is only ideological opposition to Left-Wing Communist civilization and culture—and the attendant trifle of plotting mass assassination of the ruling clique? The irony of the action of the Deweyites is that, having failed to secure justice in one case they expect to get in the other. The fault quite obviously lies not in their hearts but in their heads.

There was no end of sardonic humor, too, in the situation of the men on trial. Yagoda, erstwhile chief of the OGPU, was under indictment for putting something deadly into the morning glass of tea of his predecessor Menzhinsky, lord high executioner of the Cheka, and was turned in by Yezov, who became his successor as boss of the infamous NVKD.

Ravkovsky, who was kicked out of France for exceeding his ambassadorial prerogatives by circulating treasonable literature among the sailors and workmen at the Toulon naval base, went his way to the corpse heap for being mixed up in the scheme to start a rebellion in the Red Army. Bukharin did not object to being shot for doing business with nations which are enemies of the U. S. S. R., but he draws the line at being "liquidated" as a spy and a potential murderer. And so it went, all the way down the list.

The Deweyites may be rapidly turning into Niobites over the fix in which their Russian idols are caught. But so far as I am concerned my tear ducts remain quite dry. I know it is not strictly kosher, in the moral sense, to feel a sensation of satisfaction when a pilgrim of the bomb, en route to blow to smithereens someone with whom he has an academic difference of opinion, stubs his toe and the death machine bangs off in his pocket with disastrous personal results. But knowing something about the past activities of the accused, I cannot help the conviction that they got just what they asked for. It must be the Russian in me, as Mr. Duranty might say.

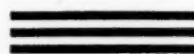
But the really sublime, nay divine, touch of irony is the fact that in the very House of the Red Trade Unions, where Rykov, *et al*, were this year standing, fifteen years ago in the same month Monsignor Budkiewicz heard his mortal doom announced and his confreres sentenced to imprisonment, death or worse. Then Krylenko was the prosecutor who whooped and screamed for the blood of the accused while the spectators cheered him on. Now Vyshinsky has taken Krylenko's place because the latter has been "demoted" and his fate has been decreed. Then Bukharin, once editor of *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, was filling his editorial columns with demands that the ultimate penalty be exacted of the prisoners. Now *Izvestia* and *Pravda* clamored for the life of Bukharin. Then the group running things in the country turned a deaf ear to pleas for mercy coming from the four corners of the globe. Now the same group confessed to and glorified in crimes of which even the Bolsheviks of 1923 never dreamed

of accusing Archbishop Cieplak, Monsignor Budkiewicz and the others.

But the physical characteristics of the former ballroom of the Club of Nobles, according to press stories, are unchanged. The light blue coloring of the walls remains. So do the dancing maidens and the winged cupids trailing streamers of roses along the frieze. All this you probably know if you followed the proceedings and read the word pictures painted by the newspaper reporters. One thing however these eagle-eyed observers missed. There was an addition to the figures on the frieze. It was that of a man above whose shattered face a halo shone and from whose beaten shoulders there was the gleam of angelic wings. While the crowd in the courtroom below were screaming for the blood of the prisoners, even as Krylenko and the crowd of his day screamed, the lips of the figure on the frieze were moving in prayer for those who were so soon to go out into the future life. The rose wreaths still trailed out from the tinted fingers of the dancing maidens and the cupids. The hands of the man were wrung together beseeching mercy eternal for those who denied temporal clemency to him. It could be the martyred Budkiewicz. That, indeed, would be divine irony.

LICENSED PLUMBER WANTED

ELIZABETH LINCOLN



SOME time ago, AMERICA discussed with its readers the subject of "converts." From the lively and intelligent letters received I gathered that there are a great many American converts, for which I say a fervent *Deo Gratias!* Now what I am concerned about is the other side: the out-going, not the incoming members. I mean the leaks for which, unfortunately, we cannot collect any insurance for damage done: the former Catholic, not only lapsed, but canceled, liquidated, surrendered, otherwise null and void. I am meeting with him, and her, constantly, and these contacts always recall the converts, those most welcome new fervent members who help replace these leaks and who, when they were so villainously attacked, came out of hiding from the various states of the Union, and even from honorable Finland (*via* Massachusetts) to protest.

Very many large leaks have come under my personal observation recently and, in a moment of pessimism, the leaks in the divinely-formed and sustained sieve seemed almost larger than the sound parts and to outnumber the sturdy new solderings that constantly appear. I set about to try to find an explanation for this defection from the Church—for this deliberate and public defiance of her laws by persons who had once been practising Catholics. Not being scholars none of these persons had had intellectual difficulties which proved

a barrier to the acceptance of revealed dogmas; nor are they bigoted, cruel or vindictive.

One was a Catholic who, a few years after her marriage to a non-Catholic, decided to try out Protestantism. She now complains that her two eldest sons are nothing and will attend no church service whatever. The young daughter of a mixed marriage where the mother was a very indifferent Catholic and the father an agnostic, in an emotional outburst against the Catholic parent (parents were already living apart) eloped with a divorced man. Three more girls of Irish Catholic ancestry who come readily to mind, practising Catholics but not too ardent, were tabloid readers only. Each married the already married man she is working for, all the men having decided on divorce proceedings only after some acquaintance with their present wives. And the lamentable story could go on and on almost indefinitely with leak after leak that I could relate.

Various were the suggestions of my own mind and of the minds of those with whom I talked; but with all of the returns not yet at hand and in spite of my own puzzled mind, my personal inclination is to award the palm to the mixed marriage, which becomes an even better background when it ends in divorce. In this country, at least, the next best guarantee to cause leaks is the business girl who runs around quietly or openly with her married employer or co-worker.

But there must be other remote causes. What causes these one-time Catholics to throw over completely the authority of the Church and deliberately walk into what they should know is mortal sin? A crime, however heinous, done in a moment of passion is somewhat comprehensible; but these people and similar has-beens all needed years to complete their departure from the Church. They were not merely passive and negative, such as refraining from Mass and the Sacraments: they had to do something active and positive when they got married or joined some other church, or sometimes did both.

How did this come about and how can it be prevented? Is it that they were familiar with external practices only and never knew the real teachings of God and of His Church? Was it a complete lack of Catholic reading matter—devotional, historic or literary—that might have kept Faith and example alive in their thoughts and imagination and then in their deeds? Is it, as a priest suggested to me, the poor five-minute sermons and the frightfully crowded 12:20 Masses where sometimes even the five-minute sermon must be omitted? Is it the lack of attendance at services other than Sunday Mass where Catholic major doctrines might be explained and not the customers' letters read? Is it a lack of constant prayer and of frequent reception of the Sacraments? Is it the absence of contact with persons whose Faith is habitually at white heat and who unconsciously strengthen the Faith of us in this pagan atmosphere in which we spend most of our days?

This last thought occurred to me some years ago in Rome. A priest was accompanying me to the

home of Saint Cecelia and was telling me of her martyrdom and of some other rather nice persecutions of those days; to which I very airily and cowardly replied: "Well I suppose those persecutions will never occur again and if they did, we of this soft age would never have the courage to face them." (May the thousands of Russian, Mexican, Spanish, German and Oriental martyrs who have died gloriously since that day, or who are languishing in agony, show me mercy and not scorn for my gratuitous treason!) This priest almost snapped at me in a way I have never forgotten and told me sharply that any sacrifice was quite possible at any time, just as in the first centuries, *through God's Grace*—a fundamental truth terribly familiar to him but needing to be recalled to me who at times believe myself a Catholic.

We now have the terrible lesson of Spain. Men baptized Jesús, Javier, Vincente and Pedro are defiling the Blessed Sacrament and killing priests and nuns; and women bearing the names of Concepción, Purísima, Dolores and Mercedes, or other sweet names from the litany are helping them deface and dishonor Our Lady's shrines. Is it heretical to advance the belief that all the physical sufferings possible—ignorance, poverty, absentee landlords, injustice and every other evil that might have been present in Spain—would not have sufficed to create this largest and most scandalous of all modern leaks if the Faith had been properly implanted by solid teaching, and carefully nurtured by practice and by example?

The Irish suffered all the wrongs the poor Spaniards have endured except the infiltration in recent years of the Communists and their hatreds, but they kept and transmitted their Faith. Was this perhaps, partly because it was by a nation alien in race, in Faith, in culture and in tongue that they were persecuted? And will great and ugly leaks continue in our own land just as long as our only enemies are those mainly of our own people? Or shall we need the ultimate challenge of a hostile and powerful enemy alien to stem these leaks and keep us on our toes; to give stature to that Faith in proper proportion to other unimportant things; to give fortitude to our suffering, and courage to our soft and unwilling bodies and minds? Or will leaks continue only so long as Catholics are poorly instructed in their Faith, that is, as to its morals and laws as well as to its doctrines and devotions? And until they have fully grasped a firm belief (and this seems frightfully important in the face of lack of authority elsewhere) in the inescapable fact of the Divine origin and Divine authority of the Church, and then a ready acceptance of her commands?

How can the idea be implanted, in season and out, from the cradle to the grave, that since the Church's word is Christ's, it is therefore to be implicitly obeyed in matters of faith and morals? I honestly believe that by some spiritual perversion this idea has not even slightly penetrated the consciousness of thousands of good-living Catholics; and when a disciplinary prohibition is encountered their training with its consequent anemic loyalty

is then brought out. They question the rights of Christ's Divinely-appointed Spouse.

The *Catechism* states that God made me to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him, and I have always delighted in the word-order of that definition, for we are so constituted that we will not serve where we do not love, and we cannot love

whom we do not know. I believe that these misguided, erring Catholics simply do not realize that the official voice of the Church is the voice of Christ. They cannot love her and will not obey her—even in grave matters—because they do not know her. Hence these destructive and ghastly leaks with all their appalling circumstances.

PITY THE SMALL FRY AMONG THE LABOR UNIONS

Why not a national association of the independents?

WILLIAM F. KUHN

WITH the ever-increasing political-mindedness of national unionisms, the independent union, the small collective bargaining agency without national affiliations, finds itself slowly losing ground as a force in making labor conditions easier for its members to bear. Without political strength, without outside union support, without great funds for publicity purposes, strike-support and sick-benefits, the little "independent" is in danger of being crushed by a threefold external pressure, or exploded by internal dissatisfactions and rivalries.

The American Federation of Labor does not maintain active support for unions not chartered or controlled by it. The Committee for Industrial Organization does not always appeal to the "rugged" independent, thus support cannot spring therefrom. As a matter of fact, such huge organizations frown upon "independents," and the management of business applies its guile and skill in breaking down attempts at national affiliation by obscure threats of complete shut-down of portions of its plants; meanwhile, it quotes reams of figures on its losses, taxes, wages and general costs, and bemoans, likewise, its inability to better conditions or raise wages. Then, too, no independent union can very well afford to assert its complete independence of the management, because economically there is usually such dependence upon the weekly wage that even one week's pay suspension results in debts that cannot be met. Yet, the union members are bound together for "mutual support, mutual aid and for the general purposes of collective bargaining." They want wage increases, shorter hours, but cannot afford either to alienate the employer so far as to submit to a lockout, or to call

a strike on their own account. Where is their salvation?

The cost of law-suits or legal inquiries before the State or Federal Boards of Labor presents an almost insurmountable difficulty. Furthermore, the right to collective bargaining is admitted by the management and, consequently, proving discriminatory practices or refusal to bargain collectively entails legal and financial obstacles usually beyond the ability of the small independent union to overcome. When collective bargaining fails, therefore, when the union can attain little or nothing beyond recognition as a bargaining agency, what of the men it represents? Should they strike? No, a little weekly wage will not stretch over the same period that the funds of the management will. Besides, the damage has already been done, the case is closed,—the puny and weak agreement has been signed and, before the law, the management's hands are clean, while the union officials' faces are red!

In opening negotiations for a revision of such past and unsatisfactory agreements, what weapons can be applied to the management that will engender a healthy respect, or that will offer a prospect of success? The plea so often made for fairness and good judgment on both sides turns somewhat sour after a defeat of the laborer; the affectation of justice on the part of management reflects none of the scraping and stretching of a low weekly wage. Only one discouraging feeling rises in the hearts of the distressed working men; destruction, ruin and havoc are its results. It is the madness of the beast and the anger of the fool. Peace cannot and will not arrive borne upon such a flood.

Therefore, we must again look to consultation, to bargaining, to confidence. The independent union, handicapped by its own meager size, its lack of funds, its lack of sufficient choice in weapons or leadership, limited in talent and experience, goes into the "front office" woefully inadequate to its task. That the result of such an unequal matching of wits should be defeat for the laborer is not startling; it is marvelous that the defeat does not wipe him out altogether. Yet it is this fact of the worker's continued existence that the independent union finds is its only solace and reason for continuing; this fact cries out that the necessities of bargaining and concession must be circumscribed by other considerations beside those making the management immune to legal action or moral blame.

Although the case for the independent unions looks hopeless, and although they are proclaimed by almost every nationally affiliated organization to be worthless, yet no one steps forward to help them. Why? First of all, they are "small fry," without much money or power; secondly, they are too diverse in character and type of work within themselves and among each other; and lastly, "little can be done for them as long as things are as they are." So, with callous disregard for the rights of these men, other organizations march on, and small business management picks at the quivering carcass of the strangling independent union.

Within any organization, even a dying one, there must be a unity besides that of purpose; and a unity of means and action must give the breath of life to that one purpose in negotiations, else all independent unions must continue to stumble falteringly and weakly upon their path to collapse. When a small union contains within itself a miniature industrial union, without a large C.I.O. comparable strength, when that little union tries to level the various demands of its members to a common denominator so as to attempt some measure of successful negotiation, it meets with all the possible internal dissatisfactions thinkable. It has not the powerful and compelling guidance of a practically omnipotent committee, and what committees it boasts are not examples of brilliant intellect. The men composing them are common, ordinary men without union experience, without sure economic or intellectual standards, they waver with the fear of loss of work, they tremble at the rumble of internal dissension, unable to quiet it, at loss to lead excess of spirits to a good end. Knowing that they have no external support, that they are themselves dependent upon the continuance of their management's "business as usual" for their daily bread, these men strive desperately to erect a facade of unity and strength that is likely to be blown down by the first recession of the year.

Until the law makes adequate provision for these forgotten brethren of labor,—and they would be the great inarticulate majority of unorganized labor today had they half a chance in this fight between national organizations,—they must find ways and means to shift for themselves. There do exist ways and means, but they involve sacrifice, hard bargaining and the careful weighing of conference

disagreements. They consist in the total sublimation of individual departmental differences in methods to be used here and now, the acceptance of calm and forceful thinking, the presentation of moderate demands, the maintenance of those demands, the universal conviction that the men are running the union and not just the officers, the complete elimination of the "honor-to-be-the-one" rivalry of small-time unions so similar to small-town factional rows over the social hierarchy and petty office-holding. If unity is to be achieved in the small independent, it many times must be achieved at the cost of the pride of its officials.

More than anything else, perhaps, individual stupidity and the personal feelings of local departmental leaders within unions and in the managements of businesses affected cause more disruption and collapse in negotiations than any other specific causes. This difficulty within small groups is always played up by management as one means of breaking down united effort and of throwing the burden of the breakdown of negotiations upon the sorely distressed representatives of the union. It results in casting suspicion upon the committees of the men, making them wary of each other, and finally causes dissatisfaction within the ranks and makes for lack of support for the committees doing the bargaining. It has been done, and it will be done, as long as independent unions stand for it.

There are ways of combating all opposition that is less than totally destructive; that is to say, excepting the lockout, the most disastrous and compelling weapon in the hands of the employer, practically every other weapon has its counterpart in union activity. It is true, however, that independent unions do not realize what those weapons are, nor do they know how to employ them fully. Each group has had some experience with one or two weapons, and has been able to use them with some measure of success.

Since the great national federations of unionism will not take up the problems of "small fry," what is to prevent these little fellows from creating a national clearing house for themselves, an organization which will investigate the methods used by and applicable to small unions, weigh them, perfect them, organize programs for small groups to follow, seek the institution of independent unions throughout the country, support each other with publicity, contribute to each other's funds of knowledge and experience? This head and mouthpiece of small unionism would make vocal the inarticulate sufferings of little fellows, crushed between the big-time, politically feared unions, and the grasping power of managements ungeared to the Christian spirit of justice.

Why not a National Association of Independent Unions? Big Business had its show in Washington; Big Unions had their opportunity to whisper in the ear of the President; Little Business shouted itself hoarse in the nation's capitol. Now it is time for little unions to gird themselves and fight for a hearing that their members may have a decent living and that their children a fair chance to grow unwarped in mind and body.

C. I. O. SCHISMS

PATIENCE, thinks David Dubinsky, sometimes ceases to be virtue. In that conviction, he has served notice upon the leader of the C. I. O. that his union and the unions headed by John L. Lewis may soon come to a parting of the ways. While this notice has not been given much attention by the press, its warning to the C. I. O. is unmistakable.

Mr. Dubinsky is the guiding spirit of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, the largest but one of the ten original C. I. O. unions. This union is closely organized, wisely guided, as a rule, and its influence in labor circles is very great. What is more to the point in the present matter, perhaps, it has contributed liberally to the C. I. O., and from the outset Mr. Dubinsky has loyally supported John L. Lewis. The leader of the C. I. O. owes him far more than he has seen fit to acknowledge. Recently, however, Mr. Dubinsky's enthusiasm has cooled somewhat.

Like ourselves, he still believes that the C. I. O. can do for labor what no other type of union can do. But he is dissatisfied with a leadership which, if it does not openly and bluntly insist upon union dualism, has in fact led to a state of war between the C. I. O. and the older American Federation of Labor. Furthermore, the recent announcement that the C. I. O. will soon call a national convention for the purpose of establishing a national organization "creates," in Mr. Dubinsky's opinion, "a new situation." In other words, Mr. Dubinsky disapproves of the attacks of the C. I. O. upon the A. F. of L., and is unwilling to trust the fortunes of his union to a new association controlled by Mr. Lewis.

For mentioning Mr. Dubinsky in this connection with approval, we shall probably again be accused of hostility to the C. I. O. The truth is, however, that in Mr. Dubinsky's warning we can see the beginning of a movement which may consolidate and strengthen the great gains achieved by the C. I. O., and by purging it of its short-sighted policies (and perhaps of its more fanatical leaders) prepare it for even more substantial gains in the future. In organizing unskilled labor, the C. I. O. has won notable victories in a field which the A. F. of L. never entered except to meet defeat. On the other hand, the A. F. of L. with all its faults has a record on which it may look with satisfaction. Why these organizations should work to destroy each other instead of uniting for the interests of every wage-earner must remain a mystery—unless we conclude that the chief difficulty is the conflicting personal interests of rival "labor leaders."

When a man of Mr. Dubinsky's influence waves a red lantern, even Mr. Lewis may stop, look and listen. If at its next meeting the C. I. O. will consider ways and means of affiliating with the A. F. of L., while still retaining its independence, then we may hope to see a united labor front. Possibly Mr. Dubinsky's warning may sober the purposes of Mr. Lewis which at present are decidedly belligerent. We have had occasion to criticize Mr. Dubinsky, but in this controversy we think he is right.

MAY

TO the whole Christian world, the month of May is hallowed by memories of Mary Immaculate, Mother of God and our Mother. In the moments of His agony on the Cross, He gave her to us, and near her Son in Heaven she watches over us. In an especial manner are we Americans her children, for she is the heavenly patroness of this country. During her month of May may she look down upon us and our country with eyes of love, and obtain for us the temporal and spiritual aid we so sorely need. Mary, Mother of God, Mary, our Mother, Mary, Mother of grace, pray for us.

FEDERAL AID FOR P

AT a recent meeting of a learned society, Dr. Edmund Brunner, of Columbia University, paid his respects to the report of the President's Advisory Committee on Education. As a member of this Committee, Dr. Brunner speaks with knowledge, if not with compelling authority, and we are interested to note that in his opinion the Committee's proposals will never be adopted by Congress. That makes discussion of them and their implications, said Dr. Brunner, "purely an academic matter."

We are inclined to believe that Dr. Brunner is right. Congress will probably continue the piece-meal appropriations begun under the present Administration, thereby adhering to a system which few defend. Once these doles are initiated, to stop them is almost impossible. But that Congress will embark on a policy of regular annual appropriations, either for the support of the public schools or, adopting a wider policy, in aid of education in the States, seems highly improbable. Nearly twenty years have passed since the old Smith-Towner bill was introduced, and for at least fifteen years a vigorous fight was waged in its support. In 1920, when the bill was two years old, enactment by Congress seemed probable, but the favorable moment passed, and thereafter the fight was waged in vain. A healthy instinct enabled Congress to withstand the pressure of lobbyists forcing it into a work which would have created another political machine in the educational world.

While, then, the matter is probably "aca-

CURFEW

THE personnel of the Joint Committee to investigate the Tennessee Valley Authority is not impressive. The members are not men who will take orders from above, and begin the investigation after signing the conclusions they are commanded to find. They are just "biddable" men, and the purpose of those who appointed this Committee would seem to be an investigation which may satisfy a short-memored public, and uncover nothing that the public ought to know. This is an election year. Nothing must be brought out that might imperil victory at the polls.

FOR PRIVATE SCHOOLS

demic," and will remain in that condition for some years to come, it raises problems that are important, especially to the administrators of private schools. It should hardly be necessary to observe that "public education" and "the public schools," are not synonymous terms. The schools maintained by the several States are merely one of many agencies in the work styled "public education." Hence should Congress enact legislation in aid of public education within the States, which it may now do constitutionally, the funds appropriated for this purpose could not be restricted to the public schools, since other schools contribute their share to public education. On the other hand, it seems probable that Congress could enact legislation specifically restricting all grants to public schools. Such legislation would be unwise, and decidedly unfair to the patrons of private schools, but it would seem to be constitutional. The courts do not pass on the wisdom of legislation, or take notice of alleged "unfairness" unless it amounts to a discrimination which destroys a constitutional right or unduly checks its legitimate exercise.

Whether or not the private schools would demand a share of these Federal funds still remains a problem to be decided when it is presented. But Congress would remain within its constitutional limits should it offer a share. Whatever the limitations upon the States, nothing in the Federal Constitution forbids the use of Federal funds for the support of private schools.

DISCOURAGED

SINCE the announcement of the President's plan, more than a year ago, to refashion the Supreme Court more nearly to his heart's desire, the political arena has resembled a bear-pit. We have heard of "unscrupulous money-changers" retarding our steady progress to prosperity, of "economic royalists," even more guilty, and of "poisonous fears" spread among the people by an unprincipled public press. High officials and low have exhausted what Mencken calls their *Schimpflexikon*, and critics of the Administration have not been slow to respond in kind.

Hence we welcomed the changed tone in the President's radio address to the country. It was the tone of a man too discouraged to call names, too bewildered to set forth his proposals in strong language. But that is about all, except the references to unemployment relief, that can be welcomed in this address. It lacked novelty, it lacked appropriateness, and we believe it will be found lacking in appeal except to those who believe that the Government can make us prosperous by enacting appropriation bills.

That is what the President proposes to do. For nearly five years we have been priming the pump in the hope that at last the waters would pour forth. After this seven-billion dollar pump-priming, the number of the unemployed rose from approximately 11,000,000 to 13,000,000, the public debt was increased by about \$17,000,000,000, and business finds itself at sixes and sevens, harassed with darker fears than those which beset it in March, 1933. For then business thought it had reason to hope. In the resumption of the pump-priming it can see nothing but ruin.

The Administration is convinced, doubtless, either that this philosophy will restore prosperity, or that there is nothing else that it can try. In fact, the President told us that if business would cooperate, business would soon be prosperous. With all deference to the advisers of the Administration, it must be pointed out that men who can speak with authority on business and finance, Bernard Baruch, for instance, totally disagree. As Mr. Baruch stated at a Senate hearing some weeks ago, nothing that business can do will put us back on the road to prosperity, unless the Government changes its policies. It must learn that while the balancing of the budget may be set aside temporarily, it cannot be set aside permanently, and it must learn that no government can spend itself and its citizens into prosperity.

The Administration is at pains to stress its program of widening the basis of credit. Just how this will mend matters when the banks are bulging with money, is not clear. The banks cannot safely lend unless they have reasonable assurance that the money will be invested in a productive enterprise. No man of sense wishes to borrow to expand his business in these uncertain times. If setting aside his sense for the moment, he tried to borrow, the banks would not be justified in accommodating

him. Business will not borrow until it finds reason to believe that it can make a profit on the loan. In the absence of a consistent Federal policy, it does not know where to look to find that reason.

We had hoped to hear in the President's address a discussion of the tax and labor problems which plague the country. Beyond a reference to the gains under the Wagner Act, the President had nothing to say about labor or the Act, except a concession that time might justify minor changes in the Act. As to taxes, he was even more unsatisfactory. It is quite true that as business prosperity returns, the Government's tax-receipts will increase. But will prosperity return as long as the burden of taxation paralyzes effort?

We hope that Congress will not adjourn before it enacts the Senate's version of the tax-bill. It should also arrange a more satisfactory understanding between the Government and the public utilities, and business in general. Such understanding will give business a chance to breathe, or in the words attributed to the Vice-President, give the cattle a chance to put on fat. Finally, all funds voted for public works should be ear-marked, and every precaution taken to prevent them from being used to "influence" the coming elections.

DISCORD AT FLINT

THE news from Flint is disturbing. Last year the union in the automobile factories signed a contract which contains the following clause: "There shall be no attempt to intimidate or coerce any employee by the union." Apparently the union has violated this pledge.

The blame cannot be laid at the door of Homer Martin. The union seems to have rejected his advice, and the intimidation of non-union workers was begun over his protest.

The public has tired of these continual bickerings between labor factions. They deprive the worker of the wage lost through unauthorized strikes. They confirm the public in the belief that no labor-union promise is worth the paper it is written on. This belief is not well-founded, but it is growing, and unless labor unions lean backward to keep the least of their pledges, it will continue to grow until it ends in harassing legislation.

Two factors have tended to increase irresponsibility in certain labor-union groups. One is the toleration of Communist leaders in the C. I. O. unions. Mr. Martin has fought them, but John L. Lewis contents himself with sounding but meaningless phrases. The other factor is the Wagner Act, which has led some unions to believe that the union can do no wrong. As far as the Act is concerned, any union can violate its contract with impunity.

By all means let the Government uphold labor's right to collective bargaining. But labor must not forget that rights connote duties, and their exercise a heavy responsibility. Collective bargaining which forces employers to close their plants is not much of a gain for the wage-earner.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

CONVERTS of maturer years sometimes reproach Catholics with lack of zeal. Had I known a decade ago what I learned only last year, one will say, I should have at once become a Catholic. Why don't Catholics do more, another will complain, to make the Church known to non-Catholics? I had several Catholic friends, and not one did anything to bring me into the Church. I even thought sometimes that they did not care whether or not I became a Catholic.

The Gospel which the Church reads us tomorrow (Saint John, x, 11-16) may move us to examine what truth there is in these charges. Our Lord tells us that He is the Good Shepherd, ready to give His life for the flock. It is a comforting Gospel, and we ought to saturate ourselves with its beautiful assurance of the loving care which Our Lord has for everyone of us. Happy shall we be if we can learn to turn for solace in our trials, not to creatures but to Jesus, and to find peace in the conviction that however hard the world's usage may be, He loves us and will take care of us.

At the same time, it will not do to pass over the final verses of this consoling Gospel, as though they were not applicable to us. "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold," Our Lord teaches. "Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd." Now God certainly does not stand in need of our help to bring these sheep into the one true Fold, yet, ordinarily, He elects to gather them through the agency of human creatures. He might have made the Angels the sole dispensers of the Sacraments, and the preachers of His word, but He did not. To the consecrated members of the flock, He restricted the guarding and supervision of all the Sacraments, and to this comparatively small body He committed the official preaching of the Gospel. Yet surely Our Lord did not mean that only these members of the flock were to cooperate with Him.

The clergy have their part in this sublime work, but the laity also have their share. The world will never be converted, the lost sheep will never be brought back, unless the laity realize that they too, every one in his degree, must be apostles. Indeed, until they recognize their apostolic mission, Catholic Action, for which our Holy Father has repeatedly called, will have no meaning.

It is true, of course, that not many of the laity will be called upon to preach public discourses. Not every one can become a member of the various Catholic evidence guilds which are doing so much good. But every Catholic is called upon to preach the Gospel and the message of the Catholic Church through his good example. Many converts, perhaps a majority of them, will admit when questioned, that what first led them to examine the claims of the Church was the upright life of some good Catholic. We can all be apostles in our daily lives, and go with Christ out into the desert to seek the sheep that have strayed. Let us be persuaded that our lives are the most eloquent sermons that we can preach.

CHRONICLE

THE CONGRESS. In an effort to stop a political machine from "perpetuating itself in power," Senator Hatch introduced a bill to prevent Federal employes from participating in political conventions. The bill was defeated. . . . Creation of a regular army reserve of 75,000 men in four years was approved by the House. . . . Representative Scott, California, introduced a resolution requesting the Administration to name nations which violated treaties of which the United States is a signatory. If the Administration mentions violators, Scott said he would introduce another resolution denouncing the offending nations and calling for a boycott against them. Then he would seek to effect an international "quarantine" of the designated nations as recommended by President Roosevelt in his Chicago speech. Referring to this move, the National Council of Prevention of War said it was a scheme to "have the United States become a one-man judge, police force and executioner of the morals of the world." President Roosevelt discussed the resolution with Scott, declared he did not give it either his approval or disapproval. . . . The House new revenue bill retains the undistributed profits tax principle and a graduated tax on capital gains. The Senate bill eliminates the undistributed profits, substitutes a flat eighteen per cent tax on corporate income. For the graduated capital gains the Senate measure places a flat fifteen per cent tax. Conferees from the House and Senate, meeting to iron out differences, were deadlocked. The President demanded retention of the undistributed profits tax principle, the graduated capital gains. Senate conferees, anxious to encourage business, insisted on their version.

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THE ADMINISTRATION. Secretary Morgenthau revealed the United States is still buying Mexican silver on the open market. . . . Convicted of contempt for refusing to testify before the House of Representatives, old-age pension leader, Dr. Francis E. Townsend, sat waiting for the United States marshal to escort him to prison for a thirty-day term. Instead of the marshal came a Presidential pardon. Sponsors of the pardon feared political disadvantages to the Administration if the Doctor were actually jailed. . . . Asked if he told the President "spending has got to stop," Vice-President Garner, once called by Mr. Roosevelt "Old Man Common-Sense," grinned, replied: "I'm getting into my automobile right now." . . . In a message to Congress and a "fireside" President Roosevelt unveiled his plan to lift the depression—another gigantic relief and "pump-priming" project. Total outlay will run to about \$5,000,000,000. Congressional opposition was discounted, as the new spending will tend to make votes for Roosevelt Congressmen in the Fall

elections. . . . The Treasury's idle gold, \$1,392,065,461, was "desterilized." Reserve requirements of Federal Reserve banks were reduced. . . . Expressing approval of the Anglo-Italian treaty, President Roosevelt characterized it as a "proof of the value of peaceful negotiations."

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AT HOME. Twenty railway unions refused to discuss with managers the question of a voluntary wage cut for close to one million employes. . . . The A. F. of L., following the example of the C. I. O., set up national political machinery to support selected candidates for public office. . . . C. I. O. pickets swarmed around a General Motors plant in Flint, Mich., refused to let non-union workers or union members who had not paid their dues enter the building. Several hundred workers were turned away: the plant closed down. . . . Federal agents revealed a conspiracy to violate United States neutrality in the Spanish civil war by the shipment of military planes from California, through Mexico, to Loyalists in Spain. A Federal Grand Jury in Los Angeles issued an indictment naming Fritz Bieler on four counts of purchasing four fighting planes and sending them to Mexico for shipment to Spain. Federal agents said Bieler was one link in a wide plot to provide the Spanish Reds with American aircraft. The Loyalist Ambassador in Mexico City was believed to be supervising the operations. Large sums were at his disposal on deposit in the Chase National Bank and the National City Bank in New York, the agents disclosed.

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SPAIN. Generalissimo Francisco Franco attained a major objective of his Spring offensive which started March 9. His triumphant columns reached the Mediterranean, split Loyalist Spain in two. They moved into Vinaroz, Benicarlo and other coastal towns, unfurled their red and gold banners on the shores of the sea. . . . Catalonia was cut off from Valencia and Madrid. . . . In Vinaroz, under Loyalist rule, the cathedral had been turned into a market place. Nationalists made it a cathedral once more. General Alonso dipped his hand in the Mediterranean and made the sign of the Cross. His soldiers knelt on the shore, while their chaplain held aloft a cross and blessed them. . . . In many towns captured by Franco on his last drive hundreds of churches used as garages or markets by the Loyalists were reconsecrated, restored to public worship. . . . In northern Catalonia, Franco forces controlled nine of the twelve routes into France. . . . Franco warriors fought their way into the outskirts of Tortosa, as the Loyalists fled across the Ebro River, then blew up the bridges. . . . Albacacer, Loyalist field headquarters for the northern

art of Castellon Province fell to the Nationalists. . . . Addressing the nation over the radio, Generalissimo Franco declared the Nationalists have won the war, that the Loyalists are responsible for the continued futile shedding of blood. He charged that the Loyalists have assassinated 400,000 "for the sole reason that these believed in God and their country." "Against the calumnious propaganda of our enemies, who pour out millions to influence the world press, we set the reality of our victory," General Franco said. He outlined a social program which would give "the working masses more just and human conditions of life." . . . While Nationalist Spain was observing Holy Week, Loyalist tribunals in Barcelona were sentencing men to death for "treason." The Bishop of Teruel was a prisoner in Barcelona, awaiting trial. . . . General Franco sent to the Pope this message: "Upon the canonization of the Franciscan missionary Salvador da Horta. . . . I desire to send to Your Holiness . . . renewed pledges of loyalty to Your Holiness both from Spain and myself." The Holy Father replied: "Happy to see vibrating in Your Excellency's message the hereditary faith of Catholic Spain . . . we send from our hearts the apostolic blessing, propitiator of divine favors."

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ANGLO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT. In Rome's Palazzo Chigi, Italian Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano, and British Ambassador, the Earl of Perth, signed the long-awaited Anglo-Italian treaty. For the first time the British Empire dealt not with Italy but with the new Italian Empire. . . . Britain and Italy agreed to exchange information regarding movements of their land, sea and air forces in the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Gulf of Aden, British and Italian East Africa. They agreed not to compromise the independence of Saudi Arabia and Yemen, not to strive after a privileged political position in these States, nor to allow any other nation to do so. The same understanding was reached with regard to the islands in the Red Sea given up by Turkey. Italy will withdraw from Spain after the war and not seek any privileged position in Spain or its dependencies. Italian troops in Libya will be reduced to a peace-time basis. A mutual understanding is reached with regard to Lake Tanya. Britain will take steps through the League of Nations to obtain recognition of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. The interests of Britain and Italy in the Mediterranean, East Africa, Arabia are reconciled. An agreement between Italy, Britain and Egypt accompanies the Anglo-Italian pact. . . . Following the signing of the accord with Britain, Italy accepted a French invitation to negotiate for a Franco-Italian pact.

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JAPAN-CHINA. Chinese troops won their first major victory over the Japanese army, inflicting a severe defeat upon the Nipponese in the battling near Taierhchwang in Southern Shantung. In and around Yih sien, north of Taierhchwang, Japanese forces were practically surrounded by the Chinese

army. Japanese lines of communication were cut, food and ammunition for the beleaguered Nipponese were running perilously low. . . . In a move to avenge the Taierhchwang defeat, masses of Japanese troops captured Lini, eighty miles northwest of Suchow, pressed on in a desperate effort to rescue the Japanese garrison at Yih sien, forty miles distant from Lini. . . . As Japanese reinforcements left Shansi Province to battle in Shantung, Chinese recaptured many Shansi towns and villages. . . . In Japan proper, 8,000 Japanese citizens donated money for the survivors and families of victims of the *Panay* sinking.

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GERMANY. Throughout Greater Germany, Hitler's forty-ninth birthday was celebrated with much pomp and ceremony. Declared Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior; "Adolf Hitler is Germany and Germany is Adolf Hitler." Among the gifts sent to Hitler was a lion cub. . . . In Vienna former Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg was still being held a prisoner. . . . A warrant for high treason was issued for the arrest of Archduke Otto of Habsburg. . . . In Germany ten Protestant pastors were imprisoned, seventy-one expelled from their pulpits by the secret police, ninety forbidden to preach, thirty-four confined to their residences. . . . Protestant pastors will be forced to take the civil-servants' oath of obedience to Chancellor Hitler. Protestant Bishop Sasse of Thuringia administered the oath to several hundred pastors at Weimar.

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FOOTNOTES. In Russia, shortage of consumer goods and high prices deepened discontent. The Moscow Government ordered children to disobey their parents if the parents wanted them to observe religious practices at the Russian Easter. . . . Strikers in France were returning to their jobs, struck factories were reopening. . . . Throughout the twenty-six counties of Ireland, celebrations commemorating the Easter Week rising of 1916 were staged. In Ulster, police prevented any similar celebrations. . . . A British mission to explore the possibility of obtaining military aircraft in the United States and Canada sailed for America. . . . A new law in Turkey requires every merchant to have one price and to stick to it. . . . Arab-Jewish clashes continued in Palestine. Five Arabs were killed in one affray. . . . Mexico took over national control of the sugar industry. . . . Czechoslovakian President Benes announced an amnesty for political prisoners, which will chiefly benefit Konrad Henlein's Sudeten Germans. . . . A proposed "March on Bucharest" was upset by the arrest of 1,500 members of the Iron Guard in Rumania. A plot to seize King Carol was discovered. . . . Czechoslovakia recognized the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. . . . Foreign political propaganda was forbidden in Brazil. . . . First President of overwhelmingly Catholic Ireland under its new constitution will be a Protestant son of a Protestant minister, seventy-eight-year-old Professor Douglas Hyde. De Valera's Government and the Opposition united to select Hyde.

CORRESPONDENCE

PROTOCOLS REJECTED AGAIN

EDITOR: Several of your correspondents have recently tried to rehabilitate the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

The full facts of the case have been freshly exhibited by a highly competent hand in the January number of the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, published by the Jesuit faculty of theology of Louvain. Father Pierre Charles, member of that faculty and of three others, distinguished professor of dogmatic theology and of foreign missions, takes his inspiration precisely from the Berne decision of October, 1937, reversing that of 1935, which had penalized the *Protocols* as *Schundliteratur* (vile literature). The court of appeal finds that in Swiss federal law *Schundliteratur* means, properly, pornographic literature; and that it is an unwarranted extension of its meaning to apply it to the *Protocols*. These remain, in the opinion of both tribunals, an egregious forgery.

Father Charles devotes the body of his article to a series of texts, quoted side by side and page after page, that prove to demonstration the derivation of the forgery from Maurice Joly's satire on the policies of Napoleon III, *Dialogue aux Enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu*, published at Brussels in 1864, a generation before the Zionist Congress of Basel in 1897, the alleged fountainhead of the *Protocols*.

Father Charles knows the London *Times* articles of August, 1921; they are of essential relevance in the history of the detection of the fraud. But he has based his study fully and at first hand upon the *Protocols* themselves and Joly's book, which was their model. He concludes:

Those who deny the plagiarism have not compared the works, or else their incompetence in critical matters imposes upon them the imperious duty of silence. The truth, whether it come to us on foot or on horseback, has the right to an open road. . . . Of these *Protocols*, for which the Jews have been blamed, they are in fact the victims, and the innocent victims. That ought to be said and published abroad out of respect for the truth, which we are in duty bound to serve.

West Baden, Ind. EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S.J.

EDITOR: The controversy over the authenticity of the *Protocols* reminds me of the controversy in the Know Nothing and A. P. A. era over whether the Pope would come here to rule the Republic personally or whether he would delegate Cardinal Gibbons.

Intelligent non-Catholics immediately pointed out that *neither* contingency was any more than a fanciful slander of bigoted, hate-distorted minds against an entire religious denomination. Nor did fair-minded non-Catholics fail to point out that

filthy books like *Maria Monk*, *The Papist Conspiracy* and similar poisonous literature intended to vilify Catholics were unfit to be read, much less be given critical mention in a decent, intelligent periodical.

Do Reader and J. J. Sulger know that at least four Popes entrusted their lives to Jewish physicians? That at least ten kings of the early Frankish kingdoms and many of the higher hierarchs did likewise? Have they reflected on the groundless hatred roused by stories of the reign of "Bloody Mary" in the minds of non-Catholics—who also perhaps could say: "There is no proof, but the logic of events would indicate that Mary was a bloody murderer, while Elizabeth was Good Queen Bess?"

"Judge not lest ye be judged." Hate is easier to spread than love; a lie flies to all corners, while truth plods on to overtake it, and the detestation and hatred stirred up against one religious minority have a queer way of being tagged on all religious minorities.

Would it be asking too much of the spirit of Christian Charity to expose the spirit of hate and bigotry inspiring the fabricators of the *Protocols* in which an entire race is vilified and held up to hate and contempt? In 1927 Henry Ford, after a long trial, was convinced and publicly proclaimed his conviction that the *Protocols* were spurious.

New York, N. Y. DR. N. MORTON FYBISH

BROADSIDE BLAST

EDITOR: On March 17 the topic discussed in the radio broadcast of America's Town Meeting was: "Should America's Public Schools be Endowed by Federal Funds?"

M. S. MacLean, one of the two speakers, made three statements which I here relate from memory and with no attempt to quote his words.

1. The recommendation of the President's Committee on Education that part of the proposed \$855,000,000 Federal fund for aid to schools be allocated to parish and other non-public schools is unthinkable because it violates the fundamental American principle of separation of Church and State.

2. There must be an equal and equitable distribution of aid to all school children.

3. There should be a broadening of the school-tax base so that the burden of school support will be more equally distributed.

The point of the first statement had already been raised during the previous fortnight and had been pretty thoroughly aired in the press. When it was preached with unctuous fervor on this occasion by the pious patriot from Michigan, it elicited a round of applause that no other part of the debate was

accorded. The second statement, following soon after, must have stirred uneasy doubts in the minds of some of those who had applauded the first so wholeheartedly. The third was one of several recommendations offered as a gratuitous contribution by Mr. MacLean for the use of the President or his committee or whomever wanted them. How their author hoped to reconcile these statements is the question that remains unasked and unanswered. This was the program's crowning disappointment.

After the addresses the speakers, in accordance with the usual custom of the forum meetings, answered questions put to them by the audience. No question was raised as to the incompatibility of these statements. No one challenged the first statement, nor did any questioner allude to the speaker's manifest ignorance of how the burden of school support is now borne. Why there were apparently no Catholics in a gathering for the discussion of a topic of such vital interest to all educators and parents is hard to explain. There was the almost certain expectation that the question of aid to private schools would be brought up at this meeting, yet it seemed that not a single Catholic was on hand to express an interest in it.

Where were the representatives of the many Catholic schools and colleges in New York, of the Catholic press and of that mythical group called leaders of Catholic thought? Where were Catholic Action and those who waged the fight for New York's rejection of the youth-control amendment to the Constitution? Where were they whose indignation was aroused by the shameful manner in which the radical Jablonower was foisted on the supporters of "our" school system?

Without doubt during the ensuing weeks this whole matter will be dealt with in Catholic publications by able and forceful writers. But the combined circulation of all of the Catholic papers will not reach the audience of Thursday night. No bombardment by powerful pens can now have the effect that a single weak voice might have had then.

The moment is gone, the chance lost. Once again were the fair and open-minded deprived of the opportunity to learn that the Catholic viewpoint on education is the American viewpoint. Once again the narrow-minded and bigoted were given an encouraging demonstration that we are inarticulate, disorganized and without leadership.

Rockville Centre, N. Y.

PAUL J. CARLIN

STATE OR GOVERNMENT

EDITOR: In the *Answer to Anti-Fascism* (AMERICA, April 2) your Pilgrim essays to clarify some thoughts anent the idea of Fascism and its contraries. In doing so he seems to state a position as his own which he might well condemn as his enemy. He writes:

The family, moreover, is not the foundation of the state, nor the state of the family. The family is the foundation of society, which is a distinct entity from the state, society's agent for the common good.

In my humble opinion this is not only confusing but actually a case of abetting the enemy. I have

always been taught and held that the state is society, organized for political functions, and that government is its agent. To identify the state with government would seem a perfect plump to the totalitarian state, which in practice today is the party-state.

I wish you would clarify the meaning of *state* according to contemporary practice. State materialism is a wide-spread belief and hope in our own country. Loose statements on the sovereignty of the state are causing havoc among our people. I submit that sovereignty lies in the people, or society, which was always called the state in the classic writings of ancient, medieval or modern authors. Our American forefathers would surely have none of the idea that their government is equally sovereign with themselves; rather they taught us to keep constant watch over government, their agent, lest it become a tyrant and drive them back into servitude.

This letter may well close with the quotation found near the end of the article under review: "Not mere good-fellowship will reconstruct healthy democracies, but clear doctrines as well as strong virtues."

Chicago, Ill.

W. EUGENE SHIELS, S.J.

EDITOR: What Father Shiels says in his third paragraph was precisely the point I was endeavoring to bring out: as against the Fascist identification of government with society, government is the people's agent, and they should keep over it a constant watch.

To identify the state, in the sense of civil society, with government, as society's agent, would of course be a "perfect plump" for the totalitarian state. In other words, it would be saying the opposite of what was really intended. If I did slip unwarily into the enemy's usage, I hereby withdraw my foot from the net. Nevertheless, it is not always as easy to disengage the various meanings of the word *state* as may seem. Pope Leo XIII used *state* at times in the sense of *government*. In the Encyclical *Divini Redemptoris* (No. 76) our present Holy Father says: "The state itself, mindful of its responsibility before God and society, should be a model of prudence and sobriety in the administration of the commonwealth. . . . State functionaries and all employees are obliged. . . ." Evidently *government* is meant, not the state in the wider sense of civil society: society's agent is responsible to its principal.

Quadragesimo Anno points out the immense harm that is done by the dissolution of "society's organic form. . . leaving thus virtually only individuals and the state," which "was in consequence submerged and overwhelmed by an infinity of affairs and duties." This is a picture of the paternal type of government which totalitarianism would substitute for the Christian civil state.

Let us fashion, by all means, a more accurate terminology. But in the meanwhile let us not be too exacting with those who have to work with the terms now at hand.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

ON THE ROAD: EXPERIENCES AS A "LADY LECTURER"

KATHERINE BRÉCY

PROBABLY something of the "trouper's" temperament is needed really to enjoy the hazards of lecturing *on the road*—something that shares the psychology of the itinerant preacher and the wandering minstrel. For lecturing itself may be described as a kind of by-product, and I doubt if anyone but a confirmed reformer or a confirmed crook deliberately starts out to be a professional lecturer. The rest of us are authors, journalists, teachers, explorers or even politicians, who at some fateful moment have been asked to "make a little address"—or possibly in these days of high-power efficiency were seized upon by an energetic promoter or lecture bureau. After that, the harm is done and the die is cast. I have known only one person, a woman, who having once gotten into the lecture field and finding it was not her forte, had the strength of mind to retire voluntarily.

For the thing has its own fascination, like the smell of powder to the war horse. Without drawing upon the deepest wells of one's vitality it cannot be put over at all. Also it has its own distinct and not always recognized technique. A case of self-consciousness or stage-fright can wreck it at any time. And it seems to me that the only way to exorcise this strange demon is to be reasonably satisfied with one's appearance, to know definitely what one means to say, and then to be more acutely conscious of, actually more interested in this message than in oneself. Apropos of which I have often remembered Alice Meynell's profoundly subtle observation that "a little self-consciousness results in hesitation and *gaucherie*. He who is completely conscious of himself is the hero, the artist." It is this little self-consciousness that anyone speaking in public has to forget or overcome.

The subject of the lecture has also its own psychology. Certainly in our own lecture-loving country it must at least seem timely and provocative. I have found, for instance, that while most self-respecting colleges may welcome a talk on "American Drama," your club will prefer the title cast more controversially, as "What's Wrong With the American Theatre?" The wise and witty Maurice Francis Egan used to advise against confusing pro-

gram committees by offering too many subjects: in fact, he confessed that while listing four or five, he always ended by giving the same lecture! But then it was delightfully punctuated by anecdotes of his diplomatic years in Denmark: and "in the profession," as actors used to say, it has become a by-word that if you come from "abroad" you can get away with practically anything or practically nothing.

Europe has, since the World War—I don't remember how it may have been before—sent us some of the best and some of the worst of our platform lecturers: and they seem to have been welcomed with about equal warmth. But if you happen to be speaking in your own country, you will be expected to deliver the goods! Frequent trips overseas will slightly mitigate your congenital offense, as well as giving a magnificent excuse for what you probably most want to do. And if you can contrive to get near a war zone or be somehow personally involved with the foreign police—both fairly easy achievements these turbulent days—you need not worry about engagements for at least a year.

Audiences like to tag or pigeonhole their speakers as definitely and picturesquely as possible: but scandals, at least with a Catholic clientele, are taboo. On the other hand, Catholic lecturers are themselves suspected as too conservative by many secular audiences who have not yet discovered either the "thrilling romance of orthodoxy" or the varied frailties of its adherents!

And everybody knows that most Americans are as hungry for idealism as they are uncritical of its sources. Our club women are notoriously keen for the arts: which, being busy people in other lines themselves, they rightly want delivered to them in highly concentrated capsules. They also, quite reasonably, want to chat personally with the compilers of these capsules. So that cheerful tea drinking and "small talk" become part of the lecturer's equipment. But he, or she, is also reasonable in insisting that all this sociability shall come not before but after the professional engagement.

There are all kinds of people in an audience—as in a world. There are the knitters whom men hate

and the mildly giggling girls whom women dread. But I once had a most illuminating experience in giving the same poetry lecture within a few days before an audience first of college men, then of club women: the former eagerly seized upon every opportunity for a good laugh, while the latter quite equally enjoyed the lines conjuring up tears—and the subject happened to be rich in both. Then, of course, there are the people who cough and the people who more or less audibly go to sleep. These last do not humiliate one so much when one remembers that even Saint Paul had to face them.

But I have always had great sympathy for the lecturer who remarked that while he did not object to people taking out their watches, he was rather bowled over by those who consulted them a second time—and then held them up to their ears to see if they were still going. Yet in every audience, as Abbé Dimnet characteristically pointed out to me, there is at least one sensitive face to whom one can toss one's best with a certainty of being understood.

My own lecture experiences happen to have led oftener to Catholic than to non-Catholic colleges, and I have had many opportunities to envy the girls shepherded by sympathetic and progressive nuns who walk collegiate Gothic cloisters wearing their Ph.D.'s "lightly, like a flower." As for the priests who have welcomed me into strange places, no words can do justice to their unfailing kindness. There was one—now gone on to God—who invariably anticipated my solitary arrival in a mid-western city by a box of gay flowers at the hotel. There was another who, slipping an extra \$25.00 "for expenses" into the discreet envelope containing the lecture honorarium, smilingly begged me to "let him be a gentleman as well as a Jesuit."

Sometimes it has been just a little awesome to find the unexpected number and height of the hierarchy gathered upon a platform where one lone woman, somewhat lost in a doctor's gown, was expected to lift up her voice. But over against the memory of the single bishop whose denunciation of lipstick chilled my blood (*and my Commencement address!*), I always like to recall the exquisite courtesy of an Apostolic Delegate, who so urbanely ignored a dinner gown which I now realize was a real breach of ecclesiastical etiquette.

At its best, the "road" may mean the *air*, and I hope life will not be long enough to dull the thrill of my first long flight toward the sunset.

Then again it may mean difficult train connections in the cold grey dawn, or lunching on pie and coffee with the trainmen at a tiny switch-off in Wisconsin—or motoring in the one-bus-a-day through the November haze over Maryland mountains. Once upon a time, getting hopelessly tangled in a maze of subways, I arrived at the Bronx Zoo instead of the Sacred Heart Convent; and many a time my peace of mind and my professional reputation have both been saved by a friendly taxi driver. For whether or not she patronizes the trolley car at home, a woman learns not to grudge herself taxis when on the road. For the same reason—living "with an air" as Marjorie Hillis might put it—she stays at good if not extravagant hotels. And

if she has a strenuous day of suburban wanderings ahead—modern colleges are so persistently suburban!—she may breakfast in bed with a clear conscience. In fact she may pamper herself like a true specialist, forgetting that at home all women must be general practitioners.

I think it was Frances Starr who once remarked that two things an actress must always guard against are catching cold and falling in love. It is the same with the "Lady Lecturer," although her romantic temptations are fewer since she usually travels alone and not in a close, convivial group. On the whole, I fear itinerant lecturing is not the best atmosphere for a stable love affair. Its comings and goings are "too rash, too unadvised, too sudden"; although the quick confidences they breed are sometimes the beginning of lifelong friendships, and—well, after all, "You never can tell, sir, you never can tell!" . . .

As for colds, alas, these peregrinations are a very hot-bed. I still recall rising—before the steam—one December morning in a Canadian convent, to entrain for a lecture in Detroit. By the time I reached Chicago the following day I was speechless, with three or four engagements ahead. The hotel doctor daringly promised to restore me by treatments of chlorine gas, and I took him at his word. But it has needed several years of unusually scintillating Chicago visits, punctuated by happy work, warm friends and even champagne cocktails, to blot the memory of that strange and snowy interlude.

In truth, there is plenty of weariness for flesh and spirit, too, in these wanderings which alternate between the heights of hospitality and the depths of loneliness. Eventually you decide you will really give them up. Perhaps you have just returned from a tour with more than the usual complications. The air-conditioned train gave you neuralgia, and you had to move summarily from your hotel when a convention of 3,000 men moved in. Then came the utterly desolating experience of arriving at a certain college keyed up for your promised lecture, only to be met by a horrified dean who thought she had arranged an entirely different date. And now on your desk is the letter from another dean who, after toying with the idea of a talk on Catholic poetry, has finally decided in favor of a modern ballet demonstration. What is the use of lecturing to people who do not even want to be lectured to? You will have done with time-tables and sit home with the cat—and perhaps write that novel whose title has long been in the back of your brain.

Just then you pick up another letter, this time from a club in southern California, inquiring whether you are likely to be "in the neighborhood" next autumn. You have never been to California: and one ought to see one's own country last if not first. . . . And then there is the absurdly egotistical but inspiring thought of that *one little thing* which Paul Claudel declares every artist comes into the world to say—that one little word which first gave you courage to start off on the road, and will doubtless hold you there until "the hour for bidding fate and time and change good-bye."

BOOKS

THE AMERICAN IN FOREIGN SERVICE

THE EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT. By Hugh Wilson.
Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

A CYNIC has remarked: "Diplomats are gentlemen who lie gracefully for the honor of their country." Mr. Wilson's autobiography is proof that this sarcasm is not always true. Our recently appointed Ambassador to Germany describes his early years and outlines his diplomatic career until 1917. His modesty and sincerity are manifest in his self-revelation. Unlike many autobiographers Mr. Wilson has a sense of proportion, the *ego* is not flaunted, and as a result we have a most informative and stimulating book.

The diplomat, Mr. Wilson contends, must be above all else, "objective." He must not be swayed by rabid nationalism. He must strive to rise above the prejudices of class and race. "We have learned that each nation has a small proportion of men of integrity, an overwhelming proportion of those ordinarily honest but subject to temptation, and a small proportion of rascals." Mr. Wilson has served his country as a diplomat in Guatemala, Chile, France, Portugal, Switzerland, Austria and Germany, and so his verdict is based on wide experience. It is impossible to discuss in detail his varied career. He notes that during the World War Germany and Austria-Hungary were mutually suspicious. He pleads for "professional" and carefully trained American diplomats. Mere political appointees are often amateurish or worse, in their approach to delicate problems in foreign service.

Mr. Wilson is a non-Catholic but he has a deep and almost filial reverence for the Catholic Church. "The Church remains what it was centuries ago, rebuking the rulers of the world when it appears needful; it is the only force in the West that is listened to with reverence beyond national frontiers." The present rulers of the Reich would do well to read and ponder this and similar passages in the work of our Ambassador to Germany. May God bless and guide the kindly and gifted American gentleman who now represents our nation at Berlin.

ANTHONY WOODS

CHRISTIAN RELEASE FROM PAGAN FATALISM

TRADITION AND PROGRESS. By Ross Hoffman. The
Bruce Publishing Co. \$2

ANCIENT peoples, speaking generally, lacked what we now call the historical sense. Moderns take historical progress entirely for granted and are startled when reminded of what the ancients lacked. As Professor Hoffman says, the growth of historical consciousness, "so weak in Thucydides, the historian; so strong in Saint Augustine, the theologian," is literally the fruit of Christ's coming in history. Out of that coming came the idea of progress. "No other sign has been given that the road of history leads anywhere at all." Through that Christian historical sense the world's thought was liberated from the bonds of pagan fatalism.

History, being therefore a peculiarly Christian thing, deserves more confidence than it has received from the more anxious type of Christian historians. An age-long task of defending truth against historical errors has made us fearful of history in itself. There is danger of

a pious fatalism that history would reveal too many damaging things if allowed to tell her whole tale.

The most effective historical apology, in Professor Hoffman's opinion, refuses to mix history with apologetic argument. He is careful, however, to qualify: not "that the apologist for Catholicism has no right to make use of historical argument"; but the two things should be kept clear. While I agree with Professor Hoffman as to the importance of not confusing history with apologetics, I believe that the pendulum can also swing too far in the contrary direction. A certain type of Catholic, not infrequently an admirer of Lord Acton, seems paralyzed with terror when the Catholic apologist draws arguments from history in defense of the Faith. I should like to see Professor Hoffman repeat and illustrate these important distinctions, so that the relative functions of history and apologetics may be clarified once and for all.

Professor Hoffman considers it a misfortune that the Liberal victory which attended the birth of our nation did not consolidate itself by properly safeguarding widely distributed private property. He seizes the connection between liberty and such distributed ownership; or, as he acutely says, between the preservation of liberty and the *fact of living in a society* where property is widely distributed.

He likewise shows the utter inconsistency of collectivism with human liberty; and also recalls, a point much neglected in today's discussions, that the "hideous reality" in Russia is not just collectivism, bad as that is, but the "iniquitous religion" of proletarianism and machine worship that has seized the state as its instrument.

Fordham University is to be congratulated in welcoming Professor Hoffman for the coming year. This little collection of his book reviews and historical essays gives one appetite for more of his characteristic reason and clarity.

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

THEOLOGY POPULARIZED

DOES GOD MATTER FOR ME? By C. C. Martindale, S.J.
Sheed and Ward. \$2

THE Pseudo-Areopagite fathered this beautiful definition: "Man can know about God only that He is and what He is not." In some such manner we want to recommend this sprightly and truly subtle compendium of religious psychology. Its virtues can best be defined by contrasting it with the wash of books of popular evangelism which pour from Protestant and near-Protestant presses these days.

These popular "defenses" of the Deity justify the ways of God to men on the theory that if you become a Buchmanite or a Y. M. C. A. cliff-dweller, God will reward you with such rewards as an improved financial position and an improved social position. The late Basil King, author of the egregious *Conquest of Fear* was one of the first begetters of this kind of this-world godliness. Miss Mary Pickford also discovered recently (under the auspices of the Kinsey Publishing Company) that faith was good for her complexion.

Father Martindale who is a great priest, in the practical and confessional sense, and a profound and scholarly theologian also, has done a splendid job here. He has brought down the highest and most fruitful elements of mystical theology to the man-in-the-street. But he has not done this at the expense of vulgarizing the theism of the Christian Faith; nor does he purvey here "a religion accommodated to the modern mind." We get here

in small compass the essence of solid Catholic theology as applicable to Catholics, non-Catholics, ex-Catholics, Protestants, ex-Protestants and the indifferent.

Father Martindale is perhaps the most copious of contemporary Catholic writers in English and a word might not be amiss here about the general qualities of this author, because this volume displays in highlight both Father Martindale's grand virtues and his irritating defects.

Among the scholars of Oxford who have been received into Holy Church during the last generation, Father Martindale is, perhaps, the most learned and surely one of the most truly holy. But his special distinction is his tremendous practicality. Years of experience in parish work and in the confessional have given him a knowledge of the problems of the ordinary human heart which is indeed a rich and lovely thing.

Now, with all this splendid equipment, Father Martindale has gone trolloping in pursuit of the literary demon known as *quantity*. The result has been that Father Martindale has authored a row of books which threatens to extend from Hodu to Cush and, mind you, every one of these books is a permanent and valuable addition to Catholic literature. But the unfortunate cost of all this copiousness is a deal of sloppy and inscrutable English which mitigates the magnificent gifts of this author.

In all reverence, this unworthy reviewer suggests that Father Martindale write less and more carefully.

DAVID GORDON

VIGOROUS STAND FOR GERMAN DEMOCRACY

CONQUEST OF THE PAST. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. The Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50

THE memoirs of the famous "Red" Prince, champion of the Weimar Republic and now sojourning among us on his mission of Nazi exposure, is a timely book at this moment of Brown Pagan triumph in Central Europe. With captivating frankness Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein presents to readers the story of the social development and final conversion of a mind reared into the reactionary and militaristic atmosphere of *ante bellum* German nobility. Born eight years before the World War, he saw his childhood wrecked by the conflagration.

Seventeen years later he cries out to his green-shirted Reichsbanner boys that the greatest enemy to be fought is war. He demands that a new criminal code must declare that "whoever incites to war, glorifies war or characterizes war as a necessary instrument of policy is guilty of high treason against the German Reich." Many years of speculation and temptation lie between the boy's sentimental attachment to the glamour of aristocratic privilege and the grown man's vigorous stand for practical German democracy—a cause he actively embraced upon the murder of his boyhood friend, Waldemar Claus, on the eve of the 1930 elections.

The last seventy pages of his book are made up of extracts from the diary of the Prince; they begin with the year 1930 when he joined the Reichsbanner and definitely sloughed off and conquered the past. From now on his life is a round of pamphleteering and youth movement activities with the concomitant traveling, interviewing and tireless haranguing required to fight the Nazi enemy that has crept upon them "like an octopus, slowly and slimily, putting out its tentacles, irresistible." The tactics of the Nazis, the physical violence, foul play and pogroms characteristic of their every move during the days of their Junker-financed campaign are frankly unmasked in these notes.

The tragedy of 1933, when the Weimar Republic fell and the Government was given over to the Brown Shirts, was followed by the exile of Prince zu Loewenstein and

his wife, Helga. He has not applied for citizenship in any other country, since he wants to carry on the fight for German culture and civilization as a German. *Conquest of the Past* is a truly gripping human document, a dramatic story of a cause that is at present facing dismal defeat.

FRANK FADNER

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

AN INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC. By Jacques Maritain. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50

EVERYONE acquainted with M. Maritain's works will welcome the distinguished Thomist's latest book, which is a translation of his *Petite Logique*. A translator of a Maritain book in a sense merits the accolade of author. After one has been through his French works, he will be very ready to acclaim the brave young spirit that tackles one of them. And so the translator of the present merits our first consideration and due appreciation.

Every page, every sentence, gives evidence of painstaking care to give us the author's mind, and it is doubtful if any of the author's works so far translated have received as much care and are as meticulously exact and faithful to the original. Truth to tell, Maritain is not easy to read while the translation must offer many an anxious problem. Indeed, I have heard a professor of philosophy with a thirty-year term back of him affirm the impossibility of rendering him into adequate English style.

The value of a book on formal logic from the traditional Aristotelian-Scholastic standpoint is beyond question. Those who are acquainted with Maritain's work will know what to expect, a thoroughly informative and authenticated record of the aforesaid tradition. The reader will not expect nor find in *An Introduction to Logic* the more recent developments in logic, particularly outside the scholastic field, and the space given to induction will appear rather meager. There is, however, enough given by the author in his criticism of modern logistics or at least of their extravagances to show the author's awareness of these problems.

There is no disappointment in what we are led to expect from a Maritain book and English thought is enriched by this addition to works on logic. One could not direct a tyro to a more helpful or authoritative book along the scholastic tradition.

WILLIAM J. BENN

THE HOUSE OF SPIES. By Warwick Deeping. Robert M. McBride and Co. \$2

STIRRING days in Sussex are here recounted when England was on guard to repel a threatened invasion by Napoleon. The local farmers are drilling, and beacon fires are ready to blaze forth on the hills at the first alarm. Anthony Durrell, master of the house of spies, is an elderly scholar lost in dreams of regenerating society on fantastic lines and hoping that Napoleon, after conquering England, will vanish to make room for a Golden Age of liberty and happiness. He is only a tool in the hands of De Rothan, a French spy who has been living in the neighborhood under the guise of a refugee from the wrath of the emperor.

In one of his descriptions of Durrell the author falls back on the hoary calumny that the Jesuits taught that the end justifies the means, and then in all innocence he proceeds to show how the patriotic party acts consistently on that principle, seeking illegal means to capture De Rothan and to let Durrell go free because the hero has fallen in love with Durrell's daughter.

The hero has an abundance of physical courage, but his recklessness leads him to stupid blunders and he is withdrawn from the heroic role long before the end to leave the glory to an elderly cousin who rescues him and puts the finishing touch to De Rothan in a duel. Quick-stepping action holds the interest, and there are good

sketches of country life and people, though the religious side is poorly represented by a gouty, gossiping parson and a selfish, sharp-tongued girl with her heart set on marrying the hero.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

GREAT ARGUMENT. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday Doran and Co. \$2.50

IN a world that is worried with wars and the threat of more war, there is a certain limited interest inherent in any novel which writes of people who are working for peace and of others who are blind to the seriousness of international problems. This story about the peace-loving Mr. Jesson, M.P., and his family and friends in London has this timely interest. Mr. Gibbs presents a picture of the tangle of Europe that is as vivid as the morning newspaper. That, perhaps, is the chief fault of this book. It offers no escape from the confusion that we all sense and most readers wish to escape when they turn to fiction. After all, the day's newspaper is more up-to-date than the latest novel and unless the novel can give something that the newspaper does not have, most people will probably choose the morning news.

The gist of this novel can be summed up in these depressing words of Mr. Jesson, the chief character: "The world is retreating toward barbarism." All in all, those who have enjoyed Mr. Gibbs' earlier books will be disappointed with this one.

RUTH BYRNS

CHILDREN OF THE RISING SUN. By Willard Price. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3

CHOICE experiences sifted from recent extended trips in "Greater Japan" make up this book's chief value and delight. The author, candid as his camera, packs impressions in fresh metaphors. In the crater Asama, "a titan is tossing up skyrocket, splashing around in his morning bath." Chinese governors once "scattered like spiders from a burst nest." We listen, along with him, to Cheng Hsiao who proves that high schools in Manchukuo must wait, to young Ghengis who just returned from school in Iowa to his Mongolian ranch, to a Buddhist nun who brings us to the hovels of emaciated Korean serfs (eighty-five per cent of the population), and to an America-born farmer in Davao, disgusted with everything except his bulging crops.

Statistics are then superimposed on what is seen and heard, the result being a sound corrective for all parlor theorizing on Eastern affairs. The author's own speculations on Japan's "Southward Advance," "Divine Mission," etc., will be respected but not accepted by all. Emperor worship is the heart-pulse of modern Japan, but every pulse fails sooner or later.

JOHN JENNINGS

LAWRENCE KEARNY: SAILOR DIPLOMAT. By Carroll Storrs Alden. Princeton University Press.

FIFTY-FOUR years of faithful service in the United States Navy find their appreciation not merely in the commendation of naval officials of the last century, but also in the recent publication of Professor Alden of the Naval Academy.

Born at Perth Amboy ere the nation had a Constitution, Lawrence had the same fighting blood that flowed in the veins of General Phil Kearny and Captain James Lawrence, his kinsmen. His life too was entirely one of action. Competent, commanding the respect of his subalterns and crew, Captain Kearny saw action in our first naval war, and was subsequently entrusted with the convoy of American merchants and the extermination of piracy in our southern waters. A similar duty awaited him in the Mediterranean. But Captain Kearny will best be remembered as the "sailor diplomat" who in 1842 followed up the British victory in China, to secure therefrom American trading privileges. He first unlocked what later was to be definitely an "Open Door."

Professor Alden's book is an interesting presentation of Captain Kearny's public service, drawn for the most part from official communications and private correspondence. The American historian will find therein the problems confronting the emerging navy and the accomplishments of one of her luminaries.

JOSEPH A. ROCK

THEATRE

REVIVALS. In the spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of producing plays. The results are often disastrous. In a single week of this month, for example, three plays—two revivals and one new offering—died almost as they were born on the New York stage. Two lived through two performances, their audiences suffering the pangs of dissolution with them. The third had a finish slightly more lingering.

There is usually only one reason for a revival of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Some actor wishes to play Falstaff, or some actress desires to play Mistress Page. In the most recent instance, at the Empire Theatre, Miss Estelle Winwood so greatly wished to act the role of Mistress Page that she put her own money into the effort, as co-producer of the revival. The result must have been as painful to Miss Winwood as it was to her audiences. This does not mean that she is not a good actress. She is. It means that her revival, a risk at any time, was a special hazard this season. Add to this the misguided direction of her co-producer, Robert Henderson, which turned the comedy into an hysterical Elizabethan romp, and transformed an efficient company into the helpless puppets, and it is easy to understand the brisk failure of the revival. At that, it was a noteworthy success compared to the revival of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, put on at the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre by Henry Forbes. There are revivals too sad to dwell on. The Forbes calamity is one of them.

But even these two mishaps were triumphant occasions compared with the production of the new play *Reunion*, which passed away at the Nora Bayes Theatre after two performances. It is hard to destroy the work of an American stage company, but it can be done by a bad play and worse direction. *Reunion* proved this afresh.

WHAT A LIFE. However, the month offered one compensation. George Abbott can always be depended on for good direction and the selection of excellent companies in putting on his productions. He made no mistake when he gave us the fresh spring nosegay he calls *What A Life*, which he is now offering for our enjoyment at the Biltmore.

The "life" is high school life, and the play owes its appeal even more to Ezra Stone's acting than to Mr. Abbott's fine direction or Mr. Goldsmith's script. Working together they have made it a high school *Brother Rat*, full of youth and boyish spirit, in which we have occasional glimpses of a serious *idea* struggling for expression. It is never allowed to interfere with the action or the comedy, but it pops up definitely at the finish of the play. Henry Aldrich, born to be an artist, but forced by his parents into the academic life, is wholly unsuited to that life. We learn this through Henry's troubles, which pursue him and even run to meet him throughout three acts. They are amusing troubles, and the audience enjoys them hugely. Henry does not. He tries to lie out of them, and learns the futility of that effort. He is rescued by a wise young educator who puts him into the art school where he belongs; and Henry assures all hearers that his children will be allowed to do the work they want to do.

There's the *idea* at last, right out in the open; but nobody objects to its wisdom because it is put over as comedy. And the evening has been so full of pleasure in watching Henry's troubles and following his boyish love affair that everyone goes home happy.

Incidentally, young Ezra Stone is having the time of his life rising to his opportunity in a fine rôle. The acting of the entire company is good, and Betty Field is enchanting as Henry's giggling school-girl love. But Henry is the play!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

TEST PILOT. What promises to be another aviation cycle is begun brilliantly enough by Metro's spectacular filming of an original script by Frank Wead, an ex-pilot himself and the author of the late *Ceiling Zero*. It is an amazing air circus supplemented by an interesting story which attempts to explain the psychology of the professional daredevil. The plot, which is slight and of secondary importance when the air scenes are in progress, details the career of a reckless test pilot who is entirely absorbed in the hazards of his calling until a forced landing on a Kansas farm leads to a distracting romance. The conflict which follows pits his bride's fears for his safety against his natural daring while his loyal mechanic attempts to reconcile their alien viewpoints. At length, an Army altitude test which ends tragically opens a less dangerous future for the flier and his wife. Victor Fleming's skilful treatment mingles spectacle with sharp character delineation to compose a melodrama verging upon the "colossal." Clark Gable and Myrna Loy do excellent work as the pilot and his timorous spouse, and Spencer Tracy, as a new-type *raisonneur*, is artfully natural and convincing. Lionel Barrymore brings up the rear with a characteristic portrayal. The actual flying sequences are the chief credit of the picture, however, and they reach a new high in thrilling realism. On their account alone, the production is worthy of general patronage. (MGM)

THE BELOVED BRAT. Another sugar-coated case history of a problem child, this film suffers from an obvious lack of originality in theme but it is somewhat redeemed by a nimble and glib production. The undistinguished incidents which make up the plot are favored with crisp dialogue and animated direction. The delayed heroine of the piece is the usual spoiled daughter of the usual obtuse parents who have apparently dedicated their lives to sparing the rod. Placed in the hands of an understanding principal at school, however, the girl begins to reform and advances to such a stage of wisdom that she no longer wishes to return to her neglectful parents. A happy compromise is reached when they too promise to improve. The story is simply the routine vehicle of every juvenile discovery in Hollywood and repetition has not added any lustre to it. Dolores Costello, Bonita Granville and Lucille Gleason perform capably but are partially eclipsed by Natalie Moorhead and Donald Crisp. This will probably satisfy, without enthusing, general audiences. (Warner)

HER JUNGLE LOVE. The extraordinary adventures which make up this study of technicolored primitives would not seem out of place in an old-fashioned serial thriller. It is a completely absurd mixture of such standard devices as the beautiful white goddess living among ferocious natives and conveniently timed natural phenomena. Deprived of a hurricane, or some equally spectacular assistance, Dorothy Lamour and her supporting cast are left without an extenuating circumstance for this weird extravaganza. George Archainbaud has directed the film with a perfectly straight face; it is doubtful whether an adult audience can duplicate that feat in witnessing the result. However, it may have been intended for the very young. (Paramount)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN. This is a moderately entertaining film, carefully worked out in the best detective story tradition and presenting, yet again, the clever Paul Kelly as a successful policeman. His romance is clouded after he has apparently killed his sweetheart's brother in the line of duty but investigation brings reunion. Sally Eilers helps make this a suspenseful adult melodrama. (Universal)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

IN the Southwest appeared beauty parlors where aged mules can have their faces lifted, their hair dyed. After the beauty treatment, the elderly mules look young, are sold as young mules to unsuspecting farmers. . . . Another move toward peace was launched at the Altoona meeting of the Itinerant Workers Union, Hoboes of America. It was the first step in a plan to effect friendlier relations between railroad brakemen and hoboes. Jeff Davis, elected Emperor of the hoboes of the world at the recent hobo international convention in London, invited representatives of American brakemen to attend the Altoona meeting, discuss methods of ending the long feud which has embittered the relations of brakemen and itinerant workers. A more sympathetic attitude on the part of brakemen toward the hobo viewpoint would be a notable contribution to the cause of peace, itinerant workers declared. . . . Considerable disorder was reported from various sections. . . . In Oklahoma, a man, after praying for Divine guidance, beat his wife to death. . . . In Long Island, six rattlesnakes attacked a cottonmouth. . . . In Connecticut, a man sued for divorce, charging his wife kissed a pet rat, then tried to kiss him. . . . In Missouri, a mounted policeman bought a new pair of riding boots, wore them all day. Home at night, he commenced to take them off. They would not come off. He sweated for half an hour. Neighbors came in, could not get the boots off. One of the neighbors called the police. Another, excited, called firemen. The police and fire departments, working together, got the boots off. . . . In Ohio, an immigration officer questioned a candidate for citizenship. "In a republican form of government, how is the constitution changed?" asked the officer. "By the Democrats," shot back the candidate. He was immediately given citizenship papers. . . . In New Jersey a woman, who concealed her identity, telephoned police, screamed over the wire: "There are eight kids at ——— St. They sound as if they were in agony." Carfuls of police rushed to the place, found eight young goats in a callous slaughterhouse.

Powerful groups are constantly at work, trying to force the Government in Washington to protest about this or that European affair, to let go verbal barrages against this or that European or Asiatic nation, to take sides, to name aggressors, to stick its nose in everybody's business. If these influences succeed, other pressure groups will imitate them and soon we will be reading something like the following.

New York. (Special to the *Blade*). Following demands from the American Friends of Turkish Democracy, the Washington Government yesterday denounced the attitude of Turkey toward democracy and monarchy. The Turkish reaction toward five-suit bridge was also arousing strong resentment in Washington.

Chicago (Special to the *Bugle*). Forty-seven protests to various nations were issued by Washington Tuesday. On Saturday, a half-day, the Protest Division of the State Department issued only twenty-two protests, mostly to European, Asiatic, African and South American countries.

New Orleans (Special to the *Clarion*). Rumors were circulating in informed circles that the Washington Government intends to take a firm stand concerning the Roumanian attitude toward one-way streets. The Roumanian answer to the last Washington protest, while friendly in tone, hinted that Roumanian streets were none of Washington's business, maintained that one-way streets did not harmonize with the Roumanian character, which likes two-way streets better. Officers of the American Society to Aid Balkan Traffic were closeted yesterday with State Department heads.

THE PARADER